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ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS,
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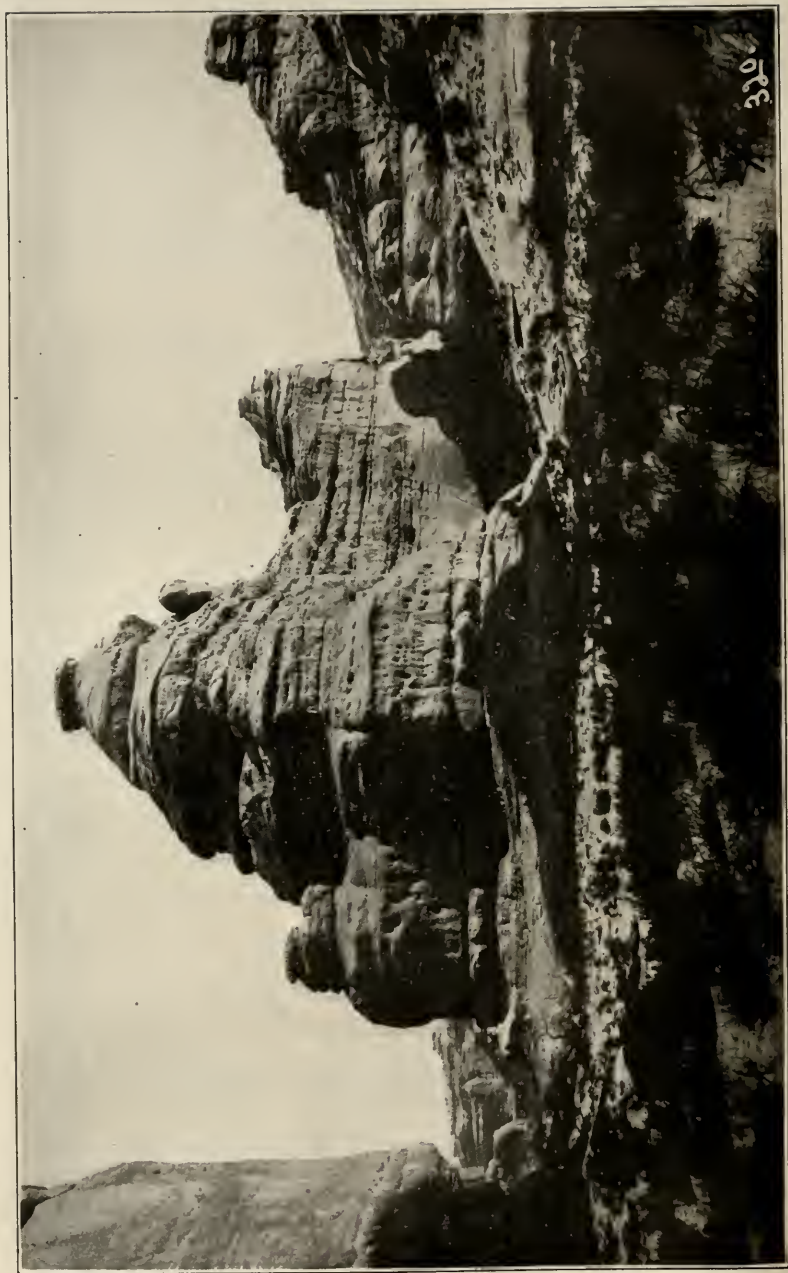


O thou uncared-for child of plain and hill,
Whose petals open in the twilight still,
Thy life too fragile for the heat of day,
Thou com'st at gentle eve in sweet array.

Thy stamens of gold, thy petals of white,
O they gleam in beauty throughout the night;
Like the tender hue of the summer eves,
Is the pink that comes on thy dying leaves.

Of hours how few, ere their passing, one heeds,
And thy life is ended amid the weeds!
Thy fairness I view with wondering eyes —
A secret untold, e'en unto the wise!

HOPE.



“ROCK KNOLLS WASHED BY A THOUSAND STORMS”—(See ‘Story, “Voice of the Intangible”’)

IMPROVEMENT ERA.

VOL. XV

SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 11

The New Testament in Literature and History

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY

I

Eminent men have repeatedly declared that if they were cast alone on an island and had to live there for an indefinite time with only one book of their own choice to read, that book would be the Bible. And the innumerable lists of best books selected this half century have invariably included the Hebrew Scriptures as among the first and most important.

Now, the New Testament, being part of this volume, is therefore part of the most valuable literary and historical set of documents that has come to us out of the past. Judged as literature merely, the Old Testament is perhaps greater than the New. Carlyle thought the Book of Job the finest literary product of the ages, and most critics would agree with him in this. But the New Testament, though it also contains writings of supreme literary value, has had incomparably greater influence in the world than the Old Testament.

The New Testament is not, properly speaking, one book, but many books. It consists of some twenty-seven books, written by seven different writers. The books, given in the order in which they appear in the accepted version are: Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Acts, Romans, First Corinthians, Second Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, First Thessalonians, Second Thessalonians, First Timothy, Second Timothy, Titus, Philemon, Hebrews, James, First Peter, Second Peter, First John, Second John, Third John, Jude, and Revelation.

These were written by Matthew and Mark, who wrote one book each, Luke, who wrote two, John who gave us five, Paul twelve, Peter two, and the unknown author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. The time usually given as including the dates of the composition of these various books covers from the year 44, when the Epistle of James was written, to about the year 80, both A. D.

To make plain the fact that the New Testament is made up of a number of distinct books, or writings, let us suppose that we had (1) four sketches of the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith written by four different persons at various times without any idea that they would ever appear together; (2) an account of the rise and growth of the Church during the first few years, but mostly about the travels of, say, Orson Pratt; (3) twenty-one short letters written by some of the apostles now to this ward, now to that, now to the Church as a whole, and now to private individuals; and (4) say, Elder Orson F. Whitney's *Elias*. If we should bind all these in one volume of about five hundred pages of the size you are now reading, we should have a book composed very much after the fashion of our present New Testament. So, you see, the whole of this exceedingly valuable writing can be put into the small compass of an ordinary novel of our day.

We have said that there are four accounts of the life of our Savior. These, as stated, were written by four different men, each with a distinct purpose in mind. Matthew wrote his treatise for the use of Jews, Mark for Gentiles, Luke for a person named Theophilus; John's purpose was to show the divine motive of the Person whose life he described. The Acts of the Apostles, which was written by Luke, gives an account of the rise of the Church, its spread from Jerusalem throughout Palestine to the "uttermost parts of the earth." The rest, except Revelation, is composed of letters, varying from less than a page of this size to twenty-eight or thirty. Revelation would cover only thirty-four pages like this.

When we study the New Testament, we may have in mind one or both of two purposes. We may view it as a great literary work, or we may regard it as a repository of great world-controlling ideas. Let us endeavor to find out what its literary value is, and afterwards its historical.

II

The New Testament, we must remember, is a literature itself. That is to say, it is not a story, though it contains splendid narrative, nor a book of wisdom, though it contains wise sayings. It has nearly every form of writing known to us. First, it has narrations of supreme value, as witness the Prodigal Son, in Luke (15:12-32); secondly, it has wisdom, literature, as in the Book of James; thirdly, it has the personal letter, of which Timothy may serve as an example; fourthly, it has poetry, as seen in certain parts of Revelation (20:11 to 22-5); fifthly, it has oratory, Paul's Defense before King Agrippa (Acts 26:1-29); and sixthly, innumerable purple patches like Matthew 6:28-30 and I Corinthians, chapter 13.

As to how this writing is done the best judges are those men who have spent their lives in writing and who are classed among the most successful in this department of activity.

Charles Reade, an English novelist, says that "no ordinary, no uninspired human skill or genius could rival the marvelous brevity, the 'swift fresco strokes' with which again and again Scripture, as it were undesignedly and unconsciously, with only a word or two, makes the characters of men stand out vividly before us, and live in our memory so that we might almost seem to have known them. Not even in Shakespeare do we find so marvelous a power."

Robert Louis Stevenson, another English novelist of high rank, says: "Written in the East, these characters live forever in the West; written in one province, they pervade the world; penned in rude times, they are prized more and more as civilization advances; a product of antiquity, they come home to the 'business and bosoms' of men, women, and children in modern days. Then is it any exaggeration to say that the characters of Scripture are a marvel of the mind?"

A third English novelist (Hall Cain) testifies to the same great literary character of the work we are discussing. "I think I know my Bible," he says, "as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it; and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible."

Swift, the great literary dean of the eighteen century, in England, declares: "I am persuaded that the translators of the Bible were masters of an English style much fitter for that work than any we see in our present writings, which is the simplicity that runs through the whole."

Matthew Arnold, a celebrated English poet and literary critic, says that the English Bible "introduces the only element of true poetry, the one elevating and inspiring element that enters into the education of multitudes in our land."

Landor, another English poet, says that the Bible "contains more specimens of genius and taste than any other volume in existence."

Scott, one of the four greatest novelists of England, says: "The most learned and diligent student cannot, in the longest life, obtain an entire knowledge of this one volume. The more deeply he works the mine, the richer and more abundant he finds the ore; new light continually beams from this source of heavenly knowledge, to direct the conduct and illustrate the work of God and the ways of men; and he will at least leave the world confessing that the more he studied the Scriptures, the fuller conviction he had of his own ignorance, and of their inestimable value." This same man, when he was on his deathbed, called for "the book." "What book?" asked Lockhart, his son-in-law. "*The book*," answered Sir Walter, "there is but one—the Bible!"

Dr. Samuel Johnson, the greatest literary figure in the later eighteenth century, declared that he hoped "to read the whole Bible once every year, as long as he lived."

Froude, the historian, believed the Bible to be literature "the rarest and richest in all departments of thought or imagination which exists."

Macauley termed the Bible "a stupendous work—a book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power."

So much for the estimation in which the Hebrew Scriptures have been and are held by those who are supposed to know the secrets of the literary art. It is but natural to suppose that the influence exerted by this great literary model has been extensive. An examination of our English literature will reveal the extent of this influence. Cannon Farrar names Shakespeare, Dante, and

Milton as the "moral light-houses in a dark and stormy sea," and shows how much these men's writings were influenced by the Bible. "Milton's *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* are, of course, avowedly his comments on the Fall and the Redemption." The *Divine Comedy* is nothing more nor less than the life history of a human soul, redeemed from sin and error, from lust and worldliness, and restored to the right path. The three great divisions might be called—not Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise—but Guilt, Repentance, and Regenerate Beatitude." And he quotes two commentators, one as saying that "Shakespeare was habitually conversant with the Bible," and another that the great dramatist "had deeply imbibed the Scriptures."

Professor Cook says: "To enrich and ennoble the language of a race is to enrich and ennoble the sentiments of every man who has the command of that language. This process of enrichment and ennoblement has been going on in English for nearly thirteen hundred years, and one of the chief agencies by which it has been effected is the influence, direct and indirect, of the Bible."

As to how this influence has come about the following instance will show. Ruskin, when a boy, was compelled by his mother to read the Bible "about once a year," and to learn by heart long chapters; "to this discipline," he says, "patient, accurate, resolute, I owe, not only a knowledge of the book, but much of my general power of taking pains, and the best part of my taste in literature." And Bowen says that Ruskin was "the greatest master that the present century has produced of pure, idiomatic, vigorous, and eloquent English."

Macaulay recommends Bunyan's works as "an invaluable study to every person who wishes to gain a wide command over the English language." And Bunyan's mind, "by constant perusal, was thoroughly steeped in Holy Scriptures; he thought its thoughts, spoke its words, adopted its images."

Payne thinks that the frequency with which Burke, one of the foremost orators of the world, employs the impressive phrases of the Bible, shows that "he neglects the most valuable repository of rhetoric in the English language who has not well studied the English Bible."

But what are some of the literary qualities that make the

Bible unique among the world's great writings? We may select these three as illustrations:

Brevity. This quality, as already pointed out by Charles Reade, means the power to create literary effects by the fewest words, by "swift fresco strokes." A Shakespearean critic has called attention to the fewness of the words with which the great dramatist develops the character of Macbeth, in the play of that name. But the work of the writers of the Bible is superior to that even of Shakespeare in this respect. Consider how few strokes are used in depicting the character of Peter in the New Testament. In the Bible not everything is told. Much is left to the imagination of the reader.

Simplicity. The things that make for simplicity are familiar words, short sentences with no entanglements of structure, and a tying of the new idea on to the old. And these are all exhibited in the Bible. If the Bible is hard to understand by the youth of our day, this difficulty may be due to the fact that the Scriptures are not read at present as much as in former times, to the fact that the language has changed since the age of Shakespeare in which the King James version was translated, and finally, I am convinced, to the abominable breaking up of the books into verses—an evil heritage of the dark ages. Still, the Bible is a supreme example of simplicity.

Picturesqueness. By this quality is meant that the words of the Bible have a way of calling up images in the mind. One cannot read this sacred volume anywhere from Genesis to Revelation without realizing how true this statement is. Every page gives us mental pictures in a few, simple words.

Take these two passages, for example:

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

"Behold, the angel of the Lord came upon Peter [who was in prison] and a light shined in the prison; and he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up, saying, Arise up, quickly. And his chains fell off from his hands. And the angel said unto him, Gird thyself, and bind on thy sandals. And so he did. And he saith unto him, Cast thy garment about thee, and follow me. And he went out, and followed him; and wist not it was true which was done by the angel; but thought he saw a vision."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT NUMBER.)

Voice of the Intangible

BY ALBERT R. LYMAN

INTRODUCTION

If it were not for cherished friendships, built up during an intense ten years on the Pagahrit cattle-range—friendships, too, which still exist—I would leave this story to pass for truth or fancy, according to the inclination or acquaintance with facts of those who read it. For the sake of those friendships, I wish to say that the most offensive habits in certain old acquaintances, men otherwise honorable and generous, have here been concentrated in the cow-puncher known as Josh Widder. The other characters are as true to life as I am able to give them; and where they are represented as doing things they did not actually do, it is only what I know they would have done under the same circumstances.

I have aimed to tell nothing but actual truth about The Great Intangible. I affirm that it is a reality, and I feel a great emotion for it as I write these things; I hear it still from the cliffs, canyons, deserts, forests, and the rocky mountain-sides of my dearly beloved San Juan county.

This story is written with very tender bias for all concerned—Widder, Spy, Soorowits and Buhhre not excepted. It is with especially kind attachment for Jud, Juan Rido and Jimmy Baneehlizhen; and with hallowed memories of a father who seemed to stand by me again as I wrote, reminding me of words almost forgotten.

The story, in the main, is fact rather than fiction, and its situations, as they come again to mind, revive smiles and tears for interests once sternly real.

ALBERT R. LYMAN.

GRAYSON, UTAH, JAN. 1, 1912.

Chapter I—Into the Wilds

Ben Rojer had passed the eleventh annual notch of grimy-handed boyhood. He knew vaguely that his "pa was kind o' poor," but the real extent of their financial distress was quite beyond the grasp of his childish mind. He happened never to awaken in the night when "pa" bent over his trundle-bed; he was not disturbed by the loving hand on his brown hair, nor the voice that whispered, "Sonny, I hate like sin to take you away out

there, but we're right to the bedrock—I don't see any other way out of it."

Thus it happened on the first of May that Fred Rojer and his little son Ben started with their packs and cow-horses over the sandhills, and away into the cliff-and-desert country of western San Juan county.

Young Rojer rode Stripes, his yellow pony, and Bowse followed them both; for, since the days of his puppyhood, the dog had regarded the boy and horse as his master—not two masters, but one master who sometimes acted in two parts. When these two parts were not together, it made little difference to Bowse which one he followed. He would rest in the grass near the pony's feet, and their horse and dog eyes would meet with peaceful understanding.

Stripes was a buckskin of choice Navajo breed. He had a black streak along his back, and black stripes just above all four knees—hence the name.

Ben understood his horse and dog as well as they understood each other, and they regarded him as a primary part of all creation. Often at night when the tanned hands removed the bridle and started for the pasture gate, it seemed that the two who stayed together in the darkness were the truest part of the league, and young Rojer wished he might spend the night with them. They must have felt somewhat the same, for Stripes looked longingly after the little figure, and Bowse whined a kind of submissive regret.

Though Bowse would consent to leave part of his master all the time, he would not think for one minute of leaving all of his master part of the time, nor would he suffer his master to leave him, if he could prevent it. Thus it happened that Ben's father allowed the dog to go along, in spite of several reasons he had against it.

Young Rojer bubbled over with joy at thoughts of going on the round-up. He carried a clothes-line lariat, a carpet-rag "hog-string," and wore one gallant spur, with huge rowel, which had, no doubt, in its time, been on many a heated ride.

The range was the region of Pagahrit—that peculiarly bald-headed, rock-ribbed, sand-sprinkled territory, fitting down into

the junction of the San Juan and the Colorado, and dammed off from the outside world by breastworks more formidable than anything of their kind in the west. The trail to this region was a plump hundred miles long, and every foot of it led farther away from a white man's dwelling. The hills of Pagahrit abound in thirst, disappointment and danger galore, but the tender little dog-and-horse-loving Rojer had never seen them, and he imagined up unto himself a place vastly different from that he was destined to find.

Pushing on and on to the west, camping each night in a more wild and shaggy wilderness, the home-raised boy felt dazed by the wild and shaggy wilderness, the unrelenting silence, the slow and unchanging growth, and the sure and unfailing decay of nature, and all of man or beast that fell wounded in her midst. For often by the wild trail there lay scattered, bleaching bones—bones of animals and of men—men whose ruined dwellings were all but razed to earth by this unrelenting decay of nature. And, too, the wilderness was so wide, so quiet, so dead; it was more than grand; it was all but terrible.



The light of their fires fell on the forest, the long, black stretch of forest of the Cedar Ridge. Out in it were the sounds of night: the owl, the whip-poor-will, the coyote: but above and greater than all of them was the ominous silence of solitude, or the moaning of a wind that had crossed buttes and canyons miles and miles away, without even passing one human dwelling. The aged pines and cedars had dropped their leaves upon their own roots for time without measure, and in their crumbling age had fallen against and across each other in a tangled mass. Only one trail led through them. The shady regions to the right and the left bore no scar of the ax; the sound of the woodman had never echoed among their interlocked branches.

"Against and across each other in a tangled mass."

Beyond the border of the flickering firelight there was something intangible and still, yet a something awful in the night as in the day—awful because of its vastness and wideness,—awful because of the deep silence, or the moans of wind and animal proceeding from its depth.

Ben had a vague fear of this indefinite something; half instinctively, he sent his gaze hunting for it in the bottom of every wooded gulch, and up and down the side of every tree-grown hill. He half feared and half expected it all the time,—



A VIEW OF CLAY HILL, LOOKING WESTWARD FROM THE DESERT
AT ITS FOOT

this intangible essence of the wilderness. He plied his father with questions about the trail and the cliffs and the forest of the Cedar Ridge, in whose shade they traveled more than two days. He asked about Soldier Crossing, Mossback Mesa, and Clay Hill, but more particularly about the great solitude all around them, and the ruined houses, old and cedar-grown, where the white fragments of men's bones might still be seen.

The two passed on alone over Step Gulch, Dripping Spring, Cow Tank, and out into the blistered, treeless desert to the southwest. During all this time Bowse trotted contentedly along at Stripes' heels, his two eyes noticeable for being entirely surrounded by dust, and his great mouth stretched in apparently a hearty dog-laugh at everything in general. Of course, Bowse found a water-hole or tank, once in a great while, and though he always waded promptly into it, he had no more than shaken the water out in every direction, like a distracted hose-nozzle, when he was dusty and laughing again as before.

When the treeless desert had grown desperately thirsty, an open pass came in sight four miles up to the right, at the head of a rough canyon breaking into the cliff, along the base of which they had been traveling.

"Do you see that pass 'way up yonder, son?" asked Fred Rojer, "that's Clay Hill. We climb up over all these clay banks, and come out in that open space."

After hanging to their horse's tails, and climbing the steep, narrow trail into the hot breeze of the pass, Ben could almost spit dust, and the sweat ran in streams down his face. From the summit they followed down a canyon to Castle Gulch, and drew up at a spring emptying into a small pond. "This is Green Water," said the father, trying to head off a question, "we'll camp here tonight, and at the lake tomorrow night."

Next day, as Fred Rojer had said, they crossed Castle Hill, a ridge of solid rock with accumulations of sand at various places on its top and sides, where scattering cedars had found place to grow; and driving their heavy packs down the west side, they continued on through alternating patches of soft sand and solid rock for fifteen miles. This brought them by two o'clock in the afternoon to the Pagahrit, a strange clear lake in the middle part of the Pagahrit region.

"And this is really the lake you've told me so much about?" asked Ben as they drove along its shore.

"Yes, son, this is where I've tended cattle seven years."

In the evening, when the dry willow fire threw its flickering light up among the limbs, and sent its crackling sounds to echo in the cavernous walls of the gulch, another sound mingled echoes with the first, and two horsemen merged out of the darkness,



LAKE PAGAHRIT, IN THE SOUTHERN WILDS OF UTAH

and drove their pack-horses up into the lighted space of the camp.

Young Rojer made cautious inquiry at once, and ascertained that the first one of them, that is, the one who made the most noise and did the most swearing, was Josh Widder. The other less noisy and more active, was Jud Hiles. They had come according to previous arrangement to take part in the round-up.

Ben had seen neither of them before, and he promptly blossomed out into a pair of big eyes and ears, and a mouth like a full moon. His attention was centered for the most part on Josh Widder. Josh said such brave things, and wore such a ponderous black mustache. He also wore a six-shooter which sparkled in the fire-light, and he wore boots, with high heels and high tops. He appeared to be about thirty-seven years old, and his overalls fit him tight, though they measured forty-one inches in the girth.

Jud was perhaps twenty-one years of age. He had a prominent nose, almost a hook, and a good-natured crow-foot at the corner of each big brown eye. He stood erect and firm, with a thick, stocky build, and he wore a buckskin shirt bearing fringe on the shoulders and on the cuffs. He had a wide mouth, along which a smile could materialize on short notice. His movements were swooping. He took off his saddle and both packs, while Josh removed one saddle. And then, while Josh, with many a grunt, got his avourdupois comfortably seated cross-legged by the fire, and began to tell of some brave dash he had made on his horse, Pancho, Jud dived into the mouth of a flour sack, and patting it down, stirred up a cake. He attended to the baking of that cake in a dutch-oven, fried three or four collops of bacon and a generous mess of veal steak, and at the same time prepared Widder's coffee.

When Hiles pronounced the supper "done enough to eat raw," the big man pulled his wide hat from his bald head and fell to eating, or, more properly speaking, he fell upon the supper without grace or mercy and devoured it. At first he tried to keep on with his account of himself and Pancho, but the story was bitten off and munched and discontinued in a sound similar to that you may hear at a pig-trough.

And yet Ben stared with wrapt interest. He watched the

wavy horns of that mustache, as it closed over bread and grease and veal chops galore. Josh was not unconscious of the beauty of this horn-like appendage, for ever so often he raised his upper lip and looked proudly down upon it. But his nose was thick and short, and his black eyes on the sides thereof, were suggestive of two bull-terriers snarling over a bone.

When that supper was no more, the black mustache came in for tender, loving strokes and careful, downward glances, and



A TYPICAL KNOLL OF BALD, SMOOTH SANDSTONE

when it was freed of various clots of grease, Josh Widder looked studiously among the red coals, and broke forth into song:

“For their bread it was corn-dodgers, and
Their meat I couldn’t chew,—
I’m a goin’ to the Indian nation
An’ marry me a squaw.”

He gave it all the quavers and semiquavers, and all the brawl and agony ever known to the range, and young Rojer thought it truly a wonderful song, and tried to muster courage to ask for it again or for the next verse, but his nerve failed. The song was no doubt the inspiration of the red coals, and Ben searched them, not knowing then as he afterwards discovered, that they speak one thing to one man and another to another, though both men

may sit by the same fire, peering out of the same mist and gloom of night.

Chapter II—A Dreadful Something

With the first doubtful signs of approaching day, Jud relieved himself of a lusty yell, brought a doubled rope down ker-whack on the tarpaulin covering Josh Widder, pulled on his boots and went after the horses.

Before the horses came, it was decided to build a fence across the gulch, thus forming a pasture in which to hold the steers. It took him of the buckskin shirt two full seconds to get this fence proposition through his mind, and when he had taken a mild dose of breakfast, he started with an ax for the trees. Ben followed. He would have chased an intermittent fire-cracker with no more curiosity than he pursued the buckskin fringe to where the pithy black-willow chips flew as from a catapult. Jud knew no such thing as hesitation or ceremony; the brush and thorns scratched his deer-hide and his denims in vain. He found a way, or chopped or kicked one through, wherever he wanted to go. "I was taught to work when I was a kid," he said, at last, probably from his annoyance at seeing Ben do nothing but look.

The fat man saddled his Pancho, and with his rope around the saddle-horn, snaked the few sticks to place, which were not already in line of the fence, always taking care to avoid any labor too servile for the dignity of his glossy mustache and foxy boots. When the fence became the finished article, by the sweat of brows less bald and shiny than his own, he rode along it like a knighted warrior, and declared, "We done a good job."

After supper had been "slicked up," and Josh had betrayed his inordinate ambition to keep his rhinoceros-hide always stretched over enough hash to found a regiment,—he lapsed again into a study of the red coals, and broke forth into that delightful song about the bread and the corndodgers. But somehow, Ben found it less refreshing than the night before.

Jud slept, of course; he slept in long drawn accents of perfect rest, but when his vigorous being snorted itself back to consciousness, his accumulated energy found vent in an echoing whoop, and all hands knew the fringe of buckskin waved through camp, and that they had better crawl out.

This early-morning business became a troublesome interruption to Widder's wholesale digestion, especially when the doubled rope entered into the performance, and he came out of his blankets by slow degrees, punctuating each degree by a double-barrel volley of "cuss" words.

The first ride of the round-up took in the country towards Slick Rock. Stripes and his light master stood up to the chase with ease, taking the soft sand, the solid rock, and whatever came in the way. Bowse stayed laughingly at the yellow pony's heels, and young Rojer enjoyed it all immensely, in spite of thirst and fatigue.

The four riders "held up" a wild bunch on the sand below what appeared to be two men on a high hill. Ben's father explained that they were only monuments, built by the Pahutes when they came through from Soldier Crossing; that for some strange reason, those Pahutes built monuments on many of the high hills at that time. Young Rojer declared they looked like a picture he had seen of Egyptian idols, and from that time the place was known as "The Idols."

They drove the bunch over a long, irregular half-circle, and when it had been added upon to the amount of forty or fifty head, turned towards camp. Ben noticed that the big man came no more up to the herd, preferring to ride ahead or off to one side, as if looking for other cattle, though plainly he looked for nothing.

"He's angry about your dog," said Fred Rojer, in answer to his son's questions, "and that's his way of showing it. I think we better leave the dog in camp after this."

"Does he have to have his own way? Aren't you the boss here?" asked Ben, in disappointment.

"Yes, son, I'm boss in this part of the range, but if we can have peace by any compromise, let's have it; I do like peace."

Josh took his customary gorge that evening without a word; he made no mention of his valorous deeds, usually the only thing in the air at meal-time, and without one look for the inspiration of his little song, he rolled into bed. Next morning he arose from his blankets like some other man than himself, or, by virtue of a better acquaintance with him than Ben had that morning, let

me say, he arose exactly like himself: as sullen, and sour and distasteful as an old swill-barrel.

When they started off for the day's ride, Ben and his father ordered Bowse to stay in camp, but the old fellow was so much cut up about it, and so determined not to do it, that Ben agreed to someone's proposition that he ride Buck, and leave Stripes for the sake of the dog. This change brought peace to camp, and the outfit, again in favor with Joshua Widder, started for Little Mountain.

"That dog'd be all right," declared the fat one, finding his speech like a spoiled child when everybody gives in, "if he wasn't such a confounded curiosity," and Ben remembered how the whole herd had turned around to look.

Buck was a rusty old Saducee, too stiff and slow for anything but a pack-horse, for the snap and action had gone out of him, like the sap goes from a cotton-wood when it is cut down and barked.

"Don't spur kidney-sores on 'im," laughed the fat one again, looking back at Ben, for Ben's short legs were trying by many and furious kicks, to bring Buck up with the others. He did keep fairly near all forenoon, but when the three made a dash to round up the first bunch, this combination of boy and pack-horse had plenty of trouble in keeping distantly in sight. When the men waited and he caught up, it had been decided he should watch the bunch while they continued the hunt.

Now, whether or not another course could have been followed with propriety made small difference to Ben. He felt sure that Josh Widder had proposed this plan, and he watched the three men ride over the hill and out of sight, while mingled anger and fear arose within him.

They disappeared about mid-day, and the world became quiet and still. Oh! so still. The cattle hugged the shade of a scraggy juniper, and showed no disposition to run away. They chewed their cud half dozing, and old Buck, with his eyes shut, had no more feeling in his heart, and no more expression in his face, than a block of wood. His churn-like head, and mud-wall eye—how different to Stripes!

The world grew stiller and stiller. At first a cow had mooed to her calf—now she had gone to sleep. A fly had buzzed

by, but he buzzed right on and out of hearing, and no sound or motion broke the painful monotony. Young Rojer searched the horizon in all directions. He saw the heat dance on the sandhills like legions of spirits; he saw the desert haze of the distance—the lifeless, voiceless distance. He sat alone in a vast, wide solitude. No man or beast might come over the hill to do him injury; he feared only the deep, responseless expanse from which his voice called forth no reply—in which no soul would answer to soul.

A dozen times he began to tremble and was ready to cry out with terror, and a dozen times he refrained, hoping they would soon appear on the heated horizon. But when the day wore on and on, and the sun sank low towards the hills, he could restrain his feelings no longer, and broke forth into a wild, frightened cry, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" and the terror of his own voice threw him into a panic of dismay.

He saw the cattle no more. Whether they stayed or whether they went, he did not know nor care. He lashed old Buck up to a lumbering lope, and rode straight to the top of the nearest hill. From its summit he saw nothing—nothing besides the lifeless haze of the desert made thicker with closing day. He went on to the next hill, and to the next, till he forgot which way he had come, and the country was all strange—strange and wild and terrible to his bleared and wide-open eyes. Still he panted sobbingly onward, he knew not where.

What wonder, now, if in his heart he cursed Josh Widder and all his ancestors to the remotest generation, what wonder now if he whipped old Buck for being such a slow, stupid creature; what wonder if he called his father and his mother and old Bowse, and threw himself on the sand to bury his hot face in his hands and cry the cry of despair!

The sun had disappeared below the red horizon, when Fred Rojer, pale and excited, rode up on Ben's track, and stooping over the little figure, "Oh, son, I'm awfully sorry we left you so long," he said, in a husky voice, taking both grimy little hands in his own. "Did you get awfully frightened?"

Ben felt the tell-tale tears dried in the dust all over his cheeks, and he tried to hide his face, but seeing the big drops in

his father's great, anxious eyes, he cried the cry of joy, and his father took him in his strong arms.

"It's too bad. I didn't intend for a minute to leave you so long," he said. "We were led on and on, and the time slipped by before I knew it. It frightened me to find you gone, and I have been tracking you a long way."

The experience was such that Ben made no effort to explain it, especially since his father appeared to comprehend the ordeal through which he had gone—an ordeal giving color to his character, and at the same time leaving a breach in his nervous ramparts.

The delay threw the outfit late in reaching camp, and weary and thirsty, in the moonlight Ben toiled on behind the herd. He had nothing to say to Josh or Jud, and they said nothing to him. It is doubtful whether they dreamed of his misery—his sun-burned face and lips, his aching limbs, his aching soul that longed to be at home or asleep. Nor is it probable they imagined the rancor with which he would have answered any word from Josh. He felt so utterly exhausted from hunger, thirst, anxiety, and the unending, unyielding jolt of Buck's hard gait, it is probable he would have climbed down and sprawled sullenly on the sand, if it had not been for his father's kind words of encouragement.

Sometime in the late hours of night, the herd found its way into the corral, and a veal-chop supper went on the fire, but young Rojer answered the rejoicing of old Bowse with a few pats and caresses, and sank wearily down on a bed. He forgot about supper, his whole soul called for sleep.

Widder probably sneered to himself when Fred Rojer removed Ben's shoes and covered him carefully with a blanket, but while he sneered, a wiser man might have seen a father whose son would bless his memory as long as that son should dwell on earth.

When Jud snorted himself and the whole camp awake early the next morning, Ben pulled his weary self together, and, slipping on his shoes, climbed the cliff on the opposite side of the canyon. He had been taught to pray, and now he sought a secluded place for that purpose. Bowse walked by his side in such a position as to receive his grimy, but heartfelt caresses. They turned a

point of the cliff, crept along the steep hillside behind some cotton-woods, and entered a great, dry, echoing cave.

It being still early dawn, the back of this hole was hid in darkness, but half leaning on Bowse, the young adventurer went till his feet struck some big stones, and by them he kneeled in the sand. Whatever the words he whispered, inspired by real or imaginary necessity, a part of the song which followed instinctively, runs, "Leave, oh, leave me not alone."

A maze of green leaves reflected the increasing light of day, till all the shady recesses of the cavern were in full view.

"What a funny place," thought young Rojer, as he took a nail from his pocket and began to cut something in the sandstone wall. "There, 18—, if ever I come to this country again—but I hope I never do—I'll come to this cave and see this date and remember something."

Bowse sat with turned head, and one ear cocked up over his sharp eye, watching the performance, when the call for breakfast reached them, and they hurried back to camp.

Josh smiled exultingly when he saw Bowse tied to a tree, whining and crying as Ben rode Stripes away for the day. As to Ben, he watched the sneering face with a strong and growing dislike, and he took pains to forestall any proposition which would leave him entirely alone for an indefinite length of time. With this latter business, Fred Rojer was in full sympathy.

It is not our purpose to follow this round-up through the hundred tight places which made it a matter of intense interest to young Rojer. Suffice it to say, he became hardened to a beverage of wriglers and pollywogs, inured to the dry desert air and the smell of the herd. He developed an appetite like that of a doggie calf. His little brown face met the wind and the rain and the sun; he sweltered in the dust and filth and smoke of many a "branding." I say he sweltered, because a Pagahrit spring-time is as warm as a Navajo sweat-house.

He had the gravity of many a boy who joins bravely in the fray and the chase when all is peaceful and prosperous, but who, when his fingers are numb with cold rain, and his muscles are trembling with weakness of hunger, is liable to shed childish tears, or indulge a few manly "cuss" words.

He enjoyed the whiz of Jud's rope as it shot out over a

calf's ears, and he liked to laugh to himself while Josh puffed and swore in his wrestle with some loudly bellowing calf.

He felt the wild spirit of all that goes with camp-life; he felt the spirit of the greasy "tarps" and panniers, and the various greasy little sacks of salt, sugar, rice, rolled-oats, etc. He felt the spirit of the frying-pan, and all that is pleasant and unpleasant in baking-powder bread. He saw the marked contrast between their dirty camp, and the clean rock-knolls washed by a thousand storms. (See frontispiece.) He grew to love the smell of the fire, but more especially the scent of fried bacon, that fragrant odor so often dovetailed into the perfume of rich dishes of sweet-bread, brains, and other delicious preparations whose names would hardly do credit to this story, though the dishes themselves were dear to the gustatory nerves of the whole outfit.

And last, but not least, and in spite of the dirt, and hunger, and thirst, and weariness—in spite of Josh Widder, the hot sun, and every other ingredient of his misery, Ben formed a strong and tender attachment for his father. That father's bearded face became the acme of all Ben's knowledge of love and strength and manliness; he looked upon it from all conditions of hardship, and unconsciously regarded it as the one redeeming feature of an otherwise intolerable existence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How to Become a Great Man

[Yoshio Markino, author of "A Japanese Artist in London," relates this story, among others, in a magazine article, on how he began to study English when he was a child. He says that before he started English he was very ambitious to please the spirit of his departed mother, and so used to study and read books all day long until, sitting as the Japanese do, he got corns on his ankles. He studied the difficult ancient classics and histories, and their lessons became a guide and a key to his future life. He relates, in his characteristic style, this story from the Chinese ancient classics, which he used to love.—EDITORS.]

It was at the end of the Jin dynasty. A hero of this period

was Choryo. One day when he was quite a boy, he met with a benevolent old man on a horse-back. Just when he was riding over a bridge, he dropped one of his shoes in the water. Choryo hurried to the river to pick up the shoe. He wiped it with his own clothes and gave it to the old man. The old man accepted it with his feet. Nevertheless, Choryo saluted him very politely, and he was going away. The old man called him back and said to him in a most haughty way: "You can be taught, though you are stupid enough. Come to this very bridge to meet me on the early morning of the third day."

Choryo went there on the third morning, and found out the old man was already there. The latter was very angry and said: "What? You make a promise with an elder person, and come later than he? Go back now and try to come earlier than me next time!"

After another third day Choryo went there quite early, but, to his surprise, the old man was already there again. He was still more angry, and kicked Choryo. Choryo apologized him very sincerely, and begged him to make another appointment after three days.

Choryo went there on the evening of the second day, and waited whole night. But this time the old man was quite late; he arrived there long time after the sunrise.

The old man smiled and took out a parchment, and said to Choryo: "Here is written all the secrets to become a great man, so you read it! I shall never see you again, but if you go to that mountain beyond, you shall see a big yellow rock. That is I." And he disappeared. Choryo opened the parchment, and found that, although many words were written, everything could be said in two words—"patience and perseverance." But with these two words Choryo became the Premier for the King of Han!

Early Day Scouts

BY SOLOMON F. KIMBALL

On the 4th day of August, 1851, Doctor John M. Bernhisel was elected to the 32nd Congress of the United States, he being the first man to represent Utah in the legislative councils of the nation. He was a highly polished gentleman of the Sandy Hill, Pennsylvania, type, and traditionally a Whig.

It fell to the lot of Eph. Hanks, Charley Decker, and George Clawson, the noted mail carriers of the West, to get Honorable John M. Bernhisel through to the Missouri river, so that he would reach Washington in time for the opening of Congress. Their outfit consisted of a light wagon, drawn by two mules, three pack animals loaded with government mail, and two saddle horses. The doctor discarded his broadcloth and at ten o'clock on the morning of Aug. 9, 1851, a start for the national capitol was made.

Everything went well with them until they reached the upper crossing of North Platte. Here they found no ferry-boat, but, having brought four ten-gallon kegs along in case of just such an emergency, they loaded everything into the wagon, ran it into the river, lashed a keg to each wheel and tied one end of a long rope to the wagon tongue; then, with the other end, Eph. and Charley swam to the other side. In the meantime, Clawson had gone with the animals, taking the harness and saddles along with him. The scouts then hitched the team to the end of the rope and in this way the wagon was hauled over.



DR. J. M. BERNHISEL
Utah's first representative in Congress.

The next thing was to get Utah's first congressman over—who was a poor swimmer. The scouts thought it too risky to take him over on the wagon, so adopted this plan: George and Charley, with one end of the long rope, swam back to where the doctor was, securely fastened the rope under his arms, then the three of them waded into the stream as far as possible, Eph. pulling in the slack rope from the other side as fast as they advanced towards him. The swimming then began in earnest, Charley and George helping the honorable gentleman, of whose Whig political inclinations they were well aware, as much as possible. When they reached the main channel they became separated, and then



E. HANKS



CHARLES DECKER

it was every fellow for himself. As soon as the boys let go of the doctor he cried for help. Eph. taking in the situation, and having the other end of the rope fastened to the horn of his saddle, put spurs to his fiery steed, and for the next hundred feet, Honorable John M. more resembled a good-seized flutter wheel, with full head on, than a delegate to Congress. After working over him for some time, the company moved on.

Several days after reaching the Bluffs the Democratic mail-carrier scouts were convulsed with laughter when they read in the *Frontier Guardian* the following communication from the Doctor:

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI, SEPT. 28, 1851.

ORSON HYDE, Editor *Frontier Guardian*,

Dear Sir:—I arrived here this afternoon in good health. Should you deem it worthy of notice please say in the *Guardian*, that I am neutral in politics. In haste, I am truly yours,

JOHN M. BERNHISEL.

On their return trip the scouts ran out of provisions, but as good luck would have it, they camped near a company of gold seekers on their way to California who had plenty of everything. Decker went to their camp to purchase supplies, but the haughty captain refused to sell him anything. When Charley reported this fact to his companions, Eph., with a twinkle in his eye, said, "George, let's you and I give 'em a whirl." George had black eyes, Roman nose, and wore a full buckskin suit. With plenty of feathers, horsehair, charcoal and paint, Eph. and Charley were not long in



THE MEDICINE MAN.

making him look like a full-fledged Cheyenne chief of the most savage type. They spoke the Indian language fluently and had crossed the plains too many times to be outdone by a crowd of tender-feet.

When everything was ready, Eph. went one way and George the other, the latter following a deep ravine, that led to the hills some distance above the emigrants' camp. They were mounted on good horses and armed to the teeth. Eph., in the garb of an old mountaineer, followed the river-bottom, keeping out of sight until he reached the main road, a half mile west of the gold-seekers camp. He then reversed his course, following a trail that led to their wagons. As soon as he reached camp he lost no time in telling them that they were

in a regular hotbed of blood-thirsty savages who thought no more of peeling scalps from the ordinary emigrants than they did of eating a chunk of broiled beef after a hard day's hunt.

After getting them worked up to a high pitch, here came

Clawson galloping down the sidehill at breakneck speed, letting out yells that would have done justice to old Geronimo himself, When he reached camp he commenced to harangue the bystanders in regular Indian fashion, at the same time swinging his arms and pointing to the mountains, hills and plains.

An excited crowd soon gathered around, and the captain, with flushed face and clinched fists, wanted to know what the trouble was about. After Hanks had talked matters over with the chief, he turned to the exasperated wagon boss and said: "Captain, he wants you people to understand that he owns this whole country as far as the eye can see and that you will have to pay dearly for the rich bunch-grass your hungry animals have been devouring



A CAMP OF THE SIOUX

during the last five sleeps, or somebody about your camp will loose his scalp, just as sure as his name is Sitting Bull."

The excited captain, turning to Hanks, wanted to know what the damages were, as he was more than willing to pay anything in reason rather than be bothered with a band of cold-blooded bulldozers of this savage fellow's kind.

After the Chief and mountaineer had had another spirited talk, Eph. told the captain that the chief wanted some flour, bacon, beans, tea, coffee, sugar, and tobacco. The wagon boss ordered the commissary to bring forth the desired supplies and the re-



COUNCIL BLUFFS, 1852.
FROM THE "LIVERPOOL ROUTE."

quest was immediately granted. The chief continued to jabber away at the same time rubbing his stomach and making all kinds of horrid faces. The captain wanted to know what in the name of common sense the "old cuss was kicking about this time." Eph. good-naturedly explained to him that the chief's wife was very sick and he wanted some good brandy to rub over her stomach, as well as some candy for the kids.

Clawson and Hanks were soon wending their way wickeupwards with everything that heart could desire, while the captain and his companions were congratulating themselves over the clever manner in which they conducted their case.

Elder N. L. Hansen and Elder Jensen, writing from Holbaek, Denmark, April 1, say: "Holbaek always heretofore has been a strong anti-'Mormon' town, but we are now making steady progress, and our little branch is about the largest in the Copenhagen conference. We have adopted the 'English Class' idea, as a means of reaching some who could not otherwise become interested. We have thirty-one enrolled, and eight of these are non-members, most of them have become very friendly, and frequently attend our regular meetings. Our meeting place has become too small, and we are trying to find larger quarters, although it is only a year since we moved here from still smaller quarters. With faith and hard work, we hope to allay local prejudice, and obtain what we want and need. A portrait of the class is enclosed. Elders standing at back: Lars Jensen, Mapleton; N. L. Hansen, Brigham City, Utah."



Little Problems of Married Life

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

XIII—Talking Home Matters Outside

Have you ever met women who seem continually flying a flag of distress from the ship of matrimony? They give monologues on the slightest provocation, and often on the very slightest acquaintance, on the ever-new subject of their home troubles. They seem to be a private press association for syndicating news of domestic cares, worries and miseries. They keep their memories of home discord all labelled, classified and dated, and seem to take a collector's delight in parading them. It is a false advertising instinct that publishes the weakness of the matrimonial firm.

If the sky of the home is overcast and the sun of love is temporarily darkened by doubt or misunderstanding, it is not wise to bring in the neighbors to witness the eclipse. If there is a little sand in the sugar of home happiness, it really seems better to concentrate on the sweetness that remains than to carry around samples of the grit in envelopes of conversational confidence.

In the business world, when a firm has to pass through a period of sunless days and stress and storm; when they are long on hope and short on prosperity; when the partners enthusiastically agree with each other's policy; when the present looks grim and the future grimmer, they guard their confidences carefully; they fear their troubles may be known outside; they realize that they are facing a problem that must be solved from within, not exploited from without. They feel an *esprit de corps* that makes it seem disloyalty to talk matters over outside the breastworks. And in married life love, loyalty, dignity, a basic mutual respect should make this guarding of the sanctity of the home even greater. Talking home matters outside is advertising the insolvency of harmony. It weakens the credit and reputation of the

home firm, and often causes unjust ratings in the Bradstreet of society.

A temporary trouble, that may be merely a week's cloud in the home itself, may be recorded as a "Damaging tornado," if given intensity of life by being idly talked of outside the family walls. Gossip is a natural weed in the garden of conversation; it grows so freely and spontaneously that we need never plant with our own hands the seed of needless criticism, comment and condemnation of ourselves and of those who should be nearest and dearest to us.

There are times in the home when some grievance, real or fancied, swells our feeling to a dangerous high-tide of emotion; pique or pride may add a new pang to suffering, and, carried along by the torrent, we feel we must tell it to some one. It hardly matters what ears hear the story, so that we may have our hearts filled with the consoling music of sweet sympathy. It may be a natural hunger, but it is none the less dangerous. Its very nature may make it unjust.

In the intensity of feeling we concentrate in our complaint on the climax, the word, phrase or act that seems the essence of our hurt. But we rarely tell the true story truly; we unknowingly suppress part, slur over in innocent lightness our part of it—an incendiary word that added new fire, an unkind silence, perhaps, that made us equally guilty. This is the element that makes the telling unjust and intensifies its disloyalty; we eagerly drink in the sympathy, feel a moment's balm of righteousness in hearing the other condemned; and it usually intensifies and exaggerates our sense of hurt.

But when our wiser judgment returns and night dawns into day, and the bright sun-light pours in through the windows, we see things in a more normal perspective. Our high-strung emotions of the night before seem unjustified, foolish, with the garish disorder and confusion of a banquet-table still standing the morning after. We would give so much to buy back our confidence of the night before, and would pay a good premium just to be able to lock our secret again in the silence of the unspoken. But that is one thing that all our most earnest prayers and sincere repentance cannot bring to pass. What we have told, we have told, and it has gone from our keeping.

This is the cyclonic confession, understandable, and even forgivable, perhaps as a cloudburst; but there is a mean drizzle of complaint, a constant fog of petty charges, that is one of the worst phases of talking home matters outside. When a husband adopts the martyr pose and talks freely of all the things he has to put up with at home, interposing sample home conversations and incidents, one longs to take him into a corner, remove this "Dead March in Saul" cylinder from the phonograph of his conversation and put in a "Home Sweet Home" one. When a wife feels that every one must be interested in her story of her difficulties in divorcing her husband from a little money for household expenses, and continuously encores herself with similar narratives in her repertoire, one cannot but feel, somehow, a good deal of sympathy—with the husband.

If the horse-power energy that married people thus put into syndicating their trials, sorrows and troubles were concentrated on trying to lessen the cause; on seeking, through love, to discover a way out; through mutual esteem to reach a truer basis of understanding and harmony, they would accomplish wonders and would realize that the larger part of their suffering is cruelly wrong because—preventable. Advertising it to the world publishes, of course, the competition, but does not bring a solution. They should some time stand reverently for a while before one of those modern engines that consume their own smoke, and then heed the moral of this sermon in mechanism.

Confidences on vital home matters are dangerous in proportion to their importance; they imply so much that they should be entrusted, if at all, only perhaps to one or two, whose tested love, honor and loyalty make doubt seem sacrilege. There are friends of the mind, friends of the heart and friends of the soul. It is with the last only that we have assurance and certainty that open ears will ever be associated with closed lips, that any message committed to them is stored in the holy of holies of memory, where speech can never reach it to reveal it.

In life, usually, the only absolute, incontestable insurance of a secret is to tell it to no one. If one does not want a fact known it is wise not to tell any part of it. Partial confidences are dangerous, because in time the separate pieces retained in the memory of the listener may be carefully put together, like the irregu-

lar sections of a dissected map. Sometimes a word, a suggestion, an inadvertent phrase, meaningless in itself, vitalizes unnoted trifles of old memories, which suddenly combine and stand out, vivid and luminous in a moment as a complete revelation, such as the speaker never intended to give. There are sometimes exclamations that are life-revelations in a word, autobiographic confessions in an unguarded phrase.

Sometimes in the desire for sympathy or advice, one is tempted to tell a home problem impersonally, or rather in the third person, as the life-experience of some dear friend, with a hazardous confidence in the safety of the alibi; but the turning of a phrase, a sudden tension of emotion, a feverish note of protest or plea may tend to puncture the frail bubble of deception. The vicarious sympathy may be forthcoming, but it hardly pays for the risk. The advice under such circumstances is valueless, because it is not based on the absolute knowledge of every detail requisite for true judgment and counsel really beneficial to the one asking advice and help in some individual crisis.

Circumstances, personality and character are so interrelated that it is difficult, impossible, indeed, for one human being to give an opinion on the merits of a question affecting two others when he knows really little about them. Such advice might well be not only worthless, but harmful. Far better is it to deny even this indulgence to oneself—for, after all, it is only an indulgence.

There is un wisdom in talking too freely even of happiness in married life outside the home walls. It may give a new touch of pain to one struggling with a serious heart problem and unable to see a way out. It may be a tax on the courtesy and patience of those who cannot be expected to feel a deep personal interest in the vaunted joys of another. Often in the swift current of speech one may speak of some little domestic episode that should be held too sacred for the ears of others. What may be sweet and dear, in the words and acts of either, may seem but silly sentimentality when translated by unsympathetic minds and repeated with variations by wantonly wagging tongues.

Should there be any drop in the value of the home stock and one no longer tells of the pearls of happiness, the very silence will be construed as a confession and may bring a trail of humiliation, or criticism and gossip. It may entail lying and hypocrisy

to sustain the old record. There are knowing ones, too, who feel that effusive protestations and proclamations of matrimonial joy, when not merely silly and undignified, may be untrue. "The lady doth protest too much, methinks" is the shrewd Shakespearean phrase that comes to their mind. The sober man does not proclaim his sobriety on the midnight highway; it is the zigzagging pedestrian who wishes his speech to be believed instead of his walk.

True happiness rarely boasts; it radiates. If it really exist the little world that cares at all, the few who have real heart interest in the two, will read it in the eyes more truly than from the lips, more in the voice than in the words. It will glow and pervade an atmosphere of sweetness, trust, peace and comradeship, manifesting itself in a hundred little ways that tell the story without words as a rose reveals its presence through its perfume, the sun the light and warmth it radiates. True happiness need not advertise; it has merely to exist to make itself felt.

When the home problems assume the acute phase when confidence somewhere seems compelling, then let husband and wife confide more closely in each other, realizing that their problem must first be tried by this council of two, if it is really to be solved at all. In the sweet, honest, full, frank interchange of views, seeking, not the blame of either, but the happiness of both; letting no personal pettiness or false sense of momentary triumph eclipse the looked-for justice, and feeling that, for the time, the great struggling, busy world outside is too microscopically small to be worthy of a thought, when weighed in the balance of their united happiness—their happiness in union and unity—then, in a spirit, and only in such a one, great things become possible.

It is this spirit of the finality of the two, love recognizing no higher court of appeal in the world around them, that holds the ideal of married life so high that it would seem the desecrating hand of an outsider touching the ark of the covenant of their love even to think of talking these matters over outside the sacred walls of home.

[*"The Danger of Growing Apart Mentally,"* will be discussed in the next chapter of this series.]

The Open Road

BY JOHN HENRY EVANS, OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' UNIVERSITY

"He was mighty sick. He rolled on the floor, groaning and calling for the doctor. His mother carried on as if he were dead. You know, he's the only one they've got. The doctor pumped his stomach, and he got well; but he stayed in bed for three days to keep up the effect."

"And what did his father say?" somebody wanted to know.
"Just laughed—thought it was a good joke."

"The mean thing!" Brocketts commented, in mock gravity.
"And his brave son dying for lack of funds!"

After that there was dancing. The young people all repaired to the kitchen, old Brother Dalton, who was staying at the Bishop's, was caught in the act of going to bed and dragged back to play the accordion, and there followed a lively scene that would have made your eyes sparkle with delight. Plain quadrilles, Virginia reels, and other almost forgotten figures took the place in those days—at all events in this spacious kitchen that evening—of the more selfish, if more graceful and dignified, two-step, rages, and other dances so popular today.

The merriment of the young folks did bring the faces of Mr. and Mrs. Ward to the door. Brocketts, judging Bessie's father by the dignity and soberness he read in the word "bishop," looked for something vastly different from the hilarity that was written on every line of those two faces. As for the rest of the company, they were evidently used to the word itself and the jovial nature that stood behind it. For several of them dragged the pair into the room and compelled them to head the Virginia reel.

Nor was the good bishop a new hand at the amusement. He bent his big frame as gracefully, kicked up his heels as lightly, and swung the girls as blithely as even fat Dave Bradley himself. But one dance was enough for his sixty winters, and then

he retreated, wisely leaving the event to those of longer endurance in that sort of thing.

And after *that* everybody had to take everybody else home, including Bessie, who, though already at home, nevertheless was induced to join the songful procession to this, that, and the other girl's residence, till some one had to take *her* home. That some one Brocketts saw to it was himself.

"I'm glad he took laudanum, anyhow!" Brocketts commented, as the two approached the Ward residence.

"Glad he took just a little, you mean," Bessie laughed.

And Brocketts acquiesced.

"I've only been out with him three times, you know," Bessie explained in defiance of an outward occasion for the remark.

Brocketts, of course, did *not* know. But glad he was *to* know.

"Besides," she went on, "I always thought he was silly, like his name."

"And this might just as well have happened ages ago!" Brocketts did not say this—he only thought it. He said merely—

"Oh!"

Stage XI—Wherein is shown how Brocketts confirms the truth of a certain motto.

In every idea there lurks somewhat of the force that sets mountains on fire. Only, some ideas have more and others less, and the eruption is always proportionate to the invisible force within.

That is why Brocketts found his way into the office of the Bernstein establishment, one morning. An idea had taken him there.

"Good morning, Brocketts," Mr. Bernstein said cheerfully. "What can I do for you?"

We can never know precisely the effect of our words, nor the effect of the way we happen to say them. Now, if it hadn't been for that cheery note in Mr. Bernstein's voice that morning, I am very much afraid what was about to happen would not have happened at all. Anyway, it would probably not have happened then. For Brocketts, most likely, would have invented an excuse for call-

ing on his employer and then have turned away with the idea still in his head. But instead he spoke it out and it became also the property of Mr. Bernstein—which made it wonderfully fruitful.

"I heard you say a little while ago to Mr. Dalrymple that you needed a book-keeper."

Mr. Bernstein was opening letters with a paper knife. He glanced hurriedly at their contents, threw the outside into the waste basket, and laid the inside of each face down, one on top of the other, on his desk. He did not look up after the greeting.

"That is correct, Brocketts. I've sent down to Mr. Morley to get another. Do you know where I can find one?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Bernstein waited till he had finished another letter. But he did not look up. He only picked up a fresh one, ripped it open and said—

"Where?"

"Here!" the young man answered.

Mr. Bernstein looked up. "You, Brocketts?"

"Yes, sir, if you'll have me."

"Upon my word, and where did you learn book-keeping?"

"At Morley's Business College."

"At Morley's Business College!" repeated Mr. Bernstein. The idea found small opening, it seemed. "And where did you get time to go to Morley's Business College?"

"At night. I've—"

"Oh, yes," the other interrupted, "I'd forgotten he ran a night school, too."

"I've been going there for nearly a year now," Brocketts went on, "and Mr. Morley says I've been doing pretty well."

"No doubt of it, Brocketts, whatever you do, you do well." Mr. Bernstein was good enough to leave the "pretty," out.

"Thank you, sir."

"And what's more, if you know anything about book-keeping, and think you can keep my books, you may have Harper's place. And if you do the work as well as he did, I'll give you the same wages—fifty dollars a month."

"Thank you, sir; when shall I begin?"

"Right away. Come with me." And Mr. Bernstein led the

way up a flight of stairs and into a room where some men were working at desks, high and low, and a long counter.

"Here, Phillip," he said to one of the men—"here's a man to take Harper's place. Brocketts has been going to Morley's night school. Set him to work."

Three persons were pleased with this event.

First of all, the head book-keeper, Phillip Shorthurst—though he said nothing and looked nothing, being a man who kept his own counsel under his bald pate, and was therefore reputed wise—rejoiced inwardly nevertheless that the pressure on him would be relieved by the amount of work that Brocketts could be got to do.

Then Mr. Bernstein's heart took a bound too. The place Brocketts had just vacated had been deliberately created for him with almost as much ease as a small political office is sometimes brought into existence for a man who has done what is known as good service for the party in power, but whose talents are not adequate for something within the gift of the people. But the higher places are harder to make in business than in political life. And so Brocketts had been permitted to go on with his former job for much longer than Mr. Bernstein could have wished. Mr. Bernstein had by no means forgotten his charge. He would have given him this place of Harper's if he had had the least suspicion that the young man knew anything about keeping books. Now that he knew that Brocketts had been energetic and far-seeing enough to prepare himself for the place, Mr. Bernstein was doubly pleased.

But Brocketts was almost beside himself. His boldest expectations had been suddenly realized. He had lost no time in going to his employer when he learned that Harper had been dismissed. "It all comes of getting ready," he thought, "and then looking out." And the joy that was in his heart just would come to the surface and disturb his thoughts about work. "You mustn't expect too much of me the first day," he said to the taciturn Shorthurst, "because this is different from what it is when you have only play transactions, as you do in school." And Phillip had smiled knowingly, as deprecating the school-taught book-keeper. It was different from the barter system of the Business College, in spite of the effort to make that system tally with actual

commercial life, and not the smallest difference lay in the fact, as Brocketts had observed, that this was real and that other a fiction. "I've got to make good, though," Brocketts reflected—"I've got to make good!"

That afternoon Mr. Bernstein threw on Brocketts' desk a folded note, with the remark, "It's from Mr. Morley."

A horrible fear darted into Brocketts' heart. From Mr. Morley! What could it be about? Had his employer sent to the College to ask what kind of book-keeper Brocketts was and had the school master written unfavorably of his parts? But Brocketts instantly dismissed the idea as impossible after what his teacher had said about him.

He unfolded the note and read,—“The best book-keeper I have at school, night or day, is a young man you have in your employ already. I mean Brocketts Porter. He has all but finished our work, and that in about half the time generally required. He is thoroughly competent and reliable. I sincerely hope you will advance him to the vacant place.—John Morley.”

“Not a bad recommendation, Brocketts, is it?” inquired Mr. Bernstein, who had lingered long enough at the desk to see the young man's confusion.

“I'm afraid it's better than I deserve,” Brocketts answered. “But I'll try to live up to his confidence in me.”

And a fourth person was pleased when he knew of Brocketts' good fortune. That was Mr. Dargan. Brocketts was not long in calling on the book-seller.

“Ask and it shall be given you,” Dargan said immediately when he knew how Brocketts had got the place. “Ask and it shall be given you,—that's my motto. And it seems to be yours, too, Brocketts.” Mr. Dargan was silent for a minute. And then—“Do you know, lad, that I've never got anything that I didn't ask for—”

“And got everything you've asked for?” queried Brocketts, breaking in.

“That's what I was going to say,” the book-man went on. “It sounds unbelievable, but it's a fact—it's a fact. You know Christ seems to have meant the words in a religious sense, but they're true in every sense. I take them in their broader meaning, though, as you did, Brocketts. A man has to get ready for

something and then ask for it. It'll come then, no doubt about it. And now what do you want next?"

"To go up. But I don't know the next step yet."

"Get ready, boy—get ready. Broaden your mind by hard study. Make yourself as competent as you can. An opening'll come, and then you can pop in like that." And Mr. Dargan hit the two palms of his hands together with a smack. "You're still going to the night school?"

"Oh, I couldn't think of giving that up, especially now that I'm studying rhetoric and civil government."

"That's right. I'm glad to hear it. Now you ought to do some solid reading on your own account."

"I'm anxious to do that, too, Mr. Dargan."

"To be sure—to be sure! Now, here's another book by Samuel Smiles, Brocketts. Just out. It's called *Thrift*. You don't particularly need it to make you thrifty, but it'll do you good in another way. It'll give you ginger, and that's what everybody needs, especially young men who can do things. Inspiration to do things is about all one can get out of this sort of books, anyway, don't you think?"

Brocketts agreed with him. "I've certainly got a lot of it from *Self-Help*," he said.

"No doubt of it—no doubt of it, Brocketts. It's a wonderful book,—that it is!" commented the voluble book-man. "Do you like history, still?"

"Yes, I'm very fond of history. I read Greene, you know, and I've started on Bancroft."

"That's so—I forgot. Well, then, I've got something else for you." Mr. Dargan trotted behind the counter to the back of the store and presently returned with an armful of books. "This is Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*—six volumes, the greatest history in the language, and it's about one of the three greatest nations of the ancient world. Here's a grand style for you, Brocketts, a grand style—listen to this." And the enthusiastic book-seller read a paragraph from one of the volumes,—evidently his favorite passage.

"Some people believe you ought to read only brief accounts of those ancient nations," he went on glibly. "But I don't. Short

accounts of big things are always stupid. That's my opinion, Brocketts, very stupid and dry."

"I've proved that for myself, Mr. Dargan," added the young man. "And so I can easily agree with you."

"To be sure—to be sure!" Mr. Dargan sat down opposite his friend and set the stack of books on his knees. "And then some folks, you know, think everything for young persons should be diluted, so to speak. I don't believe that, either. Why, bless your dear heart, this sort of reading—" and here he struck the volumes a resounding thwack with his hand—"breaks new brain cells—that's what it does—stiffens the mental fiber. Education nowadays—what little we have of it—is altogether too thin and watery. Now, there's nothing watery about Gibbon—not at all. It's solid, rich food."

The book-seller here suddenly dropped the volumes of the *Decline and Fall*, and ran back to the place where he had gotten them, and came back with another stack of books.

"Here's some more, Brocketts, of the same sort." And he showed the young man a copy of Macaulay's *History of England*, and Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*. Of both of these great works he spoke enthusiastically, almost rapturously.

Brocketts bought some of these books at various times. Others he borrowed from his genial friend. For no one knew better than Brocketts that Mr. Dargan was not laying plans to get his money. Nothing, he felt sure, was farther from the book-seller's mind. The man was interested in him, not in his money. The merest hint from Brocketts, and Mr. Dargan would have given outright all the volumes.

In many such conversations as this with the book-man, Brocketts got ideas and directions in his reading. It was through Mr. Dargan that he took up with the *Fourteen Weeks* series in physiology, astronomy, and such like subjects—books which had done good service in the Lyceum. Through him it was, too, that he became acquainted with Dickens and Wordsworth, with Scott and Burns and De Quincey, with Burke and Webster—masters, all, of the written word and of the philosophy of life. For Mr. Dargan had no patience with cheapness in books, whether in money or in that which is higher than money. "Get the best, Brocketts—get the best," he would say. "You wouldn't pick up

with a tramp when you could talk with a king, would you? To be sure not—to be sure not! Well, then, why should you in books? Tell me that.” And so it came about that with such guidance Brocketts read only the best.

But the first to be told the news of Brocketts’ rise, you may be sure, and the one who rejoiced the most over it, hardly even excepting Brocketts himself, was Bessie Ward. So there were five persons made more or less happy by this event.

“I’m so glad!” she cried, when he told her. “Now you can—”

“—get decent lodgings,” he put in.

That she meant this there could be no doubt when Brocketts looked upon her confusion. “Save more money to find your parents!” she put in weakly.

But it would not do. Brocketts knew that she did not altogether relish the joke, handed about so freely among the crowd, that he was batching it.

“I’m going to move, Bessie,” he added conciliatingly. “I’m going to give up my quarters in the barn, and board at Dudley’s mother’s. You know she lives all alone. It’ll be a fine place to stay. I’ll have a room to myself and won’t have to cook anything, or wash dishes, or even make my bed. That’ll give me more time for my study. And everything for three dollars a week!”

“Oh, isn’t that delightful!”

“Fifteen dollars a month for board and incidentals,” he went on confidentially, “will leave me thirty-five dollars. I’ve made up my mind to put twenty-five of that in the bank. It’ll take lots of money if I’m to find my father and mother. But I’m going to do that, if I don’t do anything else in life—that’s certain. I’ve set my heart on it.”

“But if you do that,” Bessie put in, “you will be doing something else.”

“That sounds like a paradox, Bessie. What do you mean?”

“Why, that you’ll be showing your ability to work towards an end.”

Brocketts colored over the compliment. He was beginning to feel that girls admire ability in boys. Anyway, girls of Bessie’s stamp. And he was glad. “A fellow doesn’t amount to much,”

he said more in answer to his thoughts than to Bessie's remark, "unless he has a purpose in life and gumption enough to stick to it."

"But how do you expect to find your parents, Brocketts? The world's so wide and has so many people in it. Where can you possibly begin?"

"That's easy," he explained with the air of one to whom the thought was familiar. "When I get enough money I'll just go to Strausberg where my folks lived, try to pick up the trail there, and follow it up till I find them. Very likely some of the old residents there will remember them and will know where they went. Maybe I've got uncles and aunts in Strausberg, or cousins, who may know exactly where my parents are."

"I've got an idea, Brocketts," Bessie exclaimed. "Why not ask some of our missionaries who go to Germany to hunt up some of your relatives at Strausberg? It'll do no harm, and maybe it'll do good. You don't know."

Brocketts reflected.

"Aunt Mary's brother did that once," she urged, "only not in Germany, and he found out the names of a lot of his people."

"That's a good idea," Brocketts assented. "I believe I'll try it. But where can I find out who's going to Germany?"

"Oh, at the President's office. They call missionaries from there. They can tell you when missionaries are going, and where they're going, and all about it."

"I'll do it, Bessie. Maybe you'll be the one to find my father and mother, after all!"

"Wouldn't it be funny if I should? I'd like to."

The next day Brocketts moved to this new home with Mrs. Brown. There was not much, indeed, to move. A small trunk sufficed to hold all his clothes. A small box which had held sweet crackers proved ample for his few books. That was all.

It was with a heart-pang that he abandoned the barn loft. It had been his home ever since that first night when he had lain asleep over there in that corner on some straw. There was the goods box that had served for a cupboard, there hung the burlap which did for wall-paper, there stood the stove which he and Tom had lugged up the ladder with such toil and sweat. Tom! Where was he now? Brocketts had not set eyes on him since the disap-

pearance of the money that night when *Self-Help* entered this dwelling. Never a trace of hard feeling towards poor Tom did Brocketts entertain now. If Tom had just then come through the door way, Brocketts would have run to him with forgiveness on his lips.

"Well!" sighed Brocketts, "I guess I'll have to give you up, old room. I hate to. There'll be beautiful paper on the walls where I'm going, white linen to eat off, and a rocking chair with a thick cushion on it. But I wonder if I won't miss all these?"

If Brocketts had been pleasing only himself he would not have moved. But in this respect, he was like a good many of us, he was willing, nay anxious, to do something he wouldn't otherwise do, because he felt that he was pleasing somebody else by doing so.

Stage XII—Which shows how disconcerting the third person of the proverb may be.

Should you wish to learn why Bessie Ward sat close to the front window in a low rocker that Wednesday evening, you must needs know three things: first that the many-gabled house in which the Wards lived stood rather close to the fence that separated it from the cobble-paved sidewalk; second, that the gate hung on some powerful spring hinges that sent it back with a bang when you opened it, and let it go again; and, third, that on this particular evening Bessie was on tip-toe of expectation for the sound of certain foot-steps on that same cobble-stone walk and the click of that same gate as the latch of it sought its niche on the post. There, at any rate, she sat.

Now, if this were a romance and not a true story, most likely you would expect me to say that Bessie had a book in her hand, to read a single page of which took her an unconscionable time, so absent-minded was she, and which she finally closed, only to look nervously now at the old-fashioned fireplace with a bright glow in it, now at the three-cornered centre table on which reposed a large family Bible waiting to be opened and never being anything but dusted, a smaller volume of the Scriptures being called into requisition whenever any sacred reading was to be done, —and now at the framed portraits of George and Martha Wash-

ington looking serenely down from above the wooden mantel-piece. Certainly you would expect me, under the circumstances, to say that she bent her ear alertly to the window now and then, listening like a huntsman.

But this is after all not a romance. It is only a plain story of a boy who came to be somewhat from a mere possibility in an orphanage. So I have to record that only the last item even approaches the truth. She had no book in her hand, she did not look at the fire, the table, or the pictures. Not that these objects were not in the room, for they were. And there were other things to look at also. For one thing, a rag carpet spread itself over the floor, and a better looking one it was, too, than many a rag carpet that has since become so fashionable in the fine rooms of the rich. And for another, there was a portrait of Joseph and Hyrum Smith, those noble, king-looking brothers, standing up before you their whole, fine lengths. And for still another, there stood on one side of the room a sofa, and in one corner a small organ, which Bessie played upon other nights after the footsteps had sounded on the cobbles outside and when they were not so long in appearing as now. But, as I say, none of these things interested her while she sat by the window this evening. There can be no doubt, however, that she listened intently, not only once in a while, but all the time. Moreover, she was far more pensive tonight than became a pretty girl of seventeen waiting for her lover. To be sure, however, there is no telling what girls of seventeen, or seventy, will do, so baffling has the sex always been, even to the wisest.

At last the foot-steps sounded on the walk, the gate clicked, the foot-steps continued on the brief strip of cobble-stone pavement that joined the house and the street, and a robust, joyous, masculine knock broke the silence at the front door. Bessie had been at the door almost before that resounding knock, though, and she ushered our friend Brocketts first into the hall and then into the parlor where she had been sitting.

This done, she threw her arms around his neck and gave him the tightest of hugs.

"Why are you so late tonight, Brocketts boy?" she asked with just the least trace of petulance in her voice. "I've waited, and waited, and waited. And I thought you'd *never* come."

"I didn't know I was late—I didn't mean to be." Brocketts

pulled out his watch. "See, dear, I'm *not*!" And he showed her the time—eight o'clock.

"Oh! I thought you were!" she said.

Then she repeated the salutation she had given him when he entered, not leaving out the smallest bit of a detail. And that done she fell to crying most piteously.

"Why, Bessie, what's the matter?" Brocketts demanded in genuine alarm. "What has happened?"

But Bessie could not control her feelings sufficiently to tell him. He led her to the sofa, where they both sat down and where he endeavored to soothe her.

"Bessie," he pleaded, "tell me what has gone wrong."

She calmed herself at length, she dried her eyes. "Brocketts," she said, "promise me that whatever happens you'll always love me as you do now?"

"Why, little girl, of course I will! You talk as if we shouldn't always be together—as if anything could separate us. Now tell me what you mean."

"Oh, let's talk of other things for a while! Then I'll tell you. I want to put it off as long as I can."

And so they spoke of the past and what they were to each other. They ran back in their talk to the first time they met that Christmas night just after Brocketts had come to Salt Lake.

"I liked you even then," she said.

"But you didn't show it."

"Yes, I did! Only, you didn't see it—that's all."

"I see it now, though, and that's something. I'd have given the world if I'd only known it then. I wasn't quite sure a year afterward."

They talked of the times they had been together since.

"Do you remember," she asked, "the time we climbed Ensign Peak?"

He remembered. How could he forget that?

"You know," she went on, "we sat down on the west side and looked out over the city, over the alkali level beyond, and on the shining lake."

"Then's when I first touched your hand," he added. "I didn't dare to before."

"And do you remember that evening before you went home,

after we'd eaten our lunch, how we sat on the porch out there and you put your hand on my head to read it. What a thrill that gave me!"

They talked of Brocketts' early life, for Brocketts had long since told her the story of his escape from the orphanage—how he had been taken there, how he had got on at the place, how he had overheard the conversation of the seamen on the *Maria Pinta*, how he had vowed to find his parents, and all the rest of it. Of all this, too, they talked, living his strange experiences over again.

But every event, every incident, served only to remind them, in the end, of what Bessie was keeping back.

"You've got to tell me now," Brocketts urged; "you've kept me in suspense long enough. I'll be thinking pretty soon it's something dreadful."

"It is something dreadful—worse than you can possibly imagine."

"Why, it can't be anything that's coming between us—that's the worst I can imagine."

"That's what I'm afraid of. Oh!" she sighed, "I hope not. But father said he wanted to see you!"

"Is *that* all! You gave me such a turn. There can't be any harm come to me by letting your father see me. He hasn't seen me very often, you know."

"Oh, but you don't understand, Brocketts dear—you don't understand."

"Then I'll go in and see him now, and then I'll understand." He rose as he spoke. "Where is he?"

"I'll go and see if he's in the dining room. That's where he usually stays when he's here. I don't want mother to be there when he's talking to you."

And with that Bessie glided out of the room. Presently she returned.

"He's waiting for you," she said excitedly. "You won't get angry will you, Brocketts, whatever he says?" And giving his arm a hard squeeze, she let him go, following him through the hall.

Brocketts for once was non-plussed. He walked into the dining room as a culprit goes to the judge. That last "He's waiting for you," had greatly upset him. What had he done? He scanned

his conduct. He could find nothing that threatened anything severe. Had anyone been saying something against his character? If so, he could easily remove the cause of any disquietude in Mr. Ward's mind.

The Bishop sat at the table—the end opposite Brocketts. He was a large, powerfully built man, with a baldness atop wholly out of harmony with the heavy fringe of gray whiskers about the lower part of the face. It was a forceful countenance, betokening the leader and decisive character that he was. Both arms were on the table, both eyes were riveted on Brocketts.

"And so this is the young Gentile that's trying to run away with my daughter, is it? Sit down there," pointing to a seat at the other end of the table. "Is it so that you're not in the Church? Bessie says it is, but I want it from your own lips."

So this was the trouble? No slander that anyone had circulated about him. Brocketts had been in Utah long enough to learn what the word "Gentile" meant.

"If you mean, Mr. Ward, that I'm not a member of the 'Mormon' Church, I suppose I'll have to prove guilty."

In some respects the Bishop was an easy-going man. That was, in his family affairs. Three families he had besides Bessie and her mother, for Mr. Ward's instincts were patriarchal. Bessie was the only child in this household, but each of the other households was large and thriving. With such a multitude of cares, religious, financial, and domestic, the Bishop was compelled to leave much to the direction of the mothers. And so this man of large concerns was inclined to act with as little friction as possible in the affairs of the home. This is why he had not known earlier that Bessie was keeping company with a young man who was not of her faith.

"And so you're not in the Church?" the Bishop said reflectively looking straight into the boy's eyes. "Well, then, you'll have to quit going with my daughter—that's all there is about it."

"You mean that I can't come to see Bessie—that I can't take her out anywhere—that we'll have to stop going together?"

"That's exactly what I mean."

"And may I ask why?"

"Certainly. Because you're not a Latter-day Saint—that's why. Because you're not in our Church."

"But," protested Brocketts, "are there not good men who do not belong to the 'Mormon' Church?"

"That's not the point at all," retorted the Bishop.

"And are there no bad men in the 'Mormon' Church?"

"Nor is that the point, either. My daughter is *in* the Church, and you are *out*. That's the point. You can't marry her."

"But I'm not asking her hand in marriage—yet."

"That's all very true; but you *will* be pretty soon. Now's the time to say no, before it gets too far. That's my doctrine. How long have you two been keeping company? I ought to know it, but I don't."

"Less than two years."

"Two years! Good heavens! That long? Have you ever kissed her?"

Brocketts did not answer. But silence of this sort and on this point was equally expressive to the alert mind of the Bishop.

"It's gone farther than I thought. But it'll go no farther. It's got to end *now*."

"Do you know—have you ever heard—anything against my character?" Brocketts wanted to know.

"Nothing at all, one way or another—except that you don't belong to the Church."

"Am I not honest?"

"So far as I know."

"And industrious?"

"Can't say you're not."

"And I haven't any bad habits. I don't drink, or smoke, or gamble, or keep bad company. I don't spend my money before I get it, nor foolishly after I get it."

"Very likely."

"Well, then, what objection can you have to me?"

"Good Lord, boy, haven't I told you? The reason why I don't want you to court my daughter is that you are not a Latter-day Saint! Is that plain enough?"

The Bishop, as he uttered this last, brought the palm of his giant hand down on the table with a terrible thwack, which threatened to jar the lamp wick into the oil bowl beneath.

But Brocketts was still undaunted.

"Baptists sometimes marry Methodists," he said, "and Catholics, Presbyterians, don't they?"

"Maybe so," the Bishop answered. "But if I had my way, they wouldn't. Anyway, no Latter-day Saint ought to marry outside the Church. Nothing but harm ever comes of it. Besides, you can't afford to trust your girls with strangers who go gallivanting about the country. There's that what's-his-name that came here with the army and ran away with one of our 'Mormon' girls—what did *he* do?"

The Bishop paused. But Brocketts, never having heard the story, could not venture upon an answer.

"Sold her to a Mexican!" roared Mr. Ward. "Sold her to a Mexican—that's what he did, the scoundrel!"

Brocketts did not say anything. He might have resented the implication lurking in the Bishop's last remark. But he did not. He wished to be conciliating. He felt, moreover, that there was an element of truth in what his companion had said about trusting his daughter to a stranger. What was *he* but a stranger? He came here from no one knew where. His past was no one knew what. There was no disputing these points. True, if his life were inquired into during the time he had been in Salt Lake, nothing wrong could be found in it. But three years was not long enough to judge what one's future career should be. While there was nothing in his past of which even the punctilious Bishop would be ashamed, still how could he make any one believe it to be what he represented.

"Mr. Ward," Brocketts said, "I love Bessie more than I can tell you. You can't know what this means to me. I'm alone here in Utah. I came here, I don't understand why myself. I didn't know that you could possibly object to me on the score of religion. I supposed your people were much like other people in the matter of marrying. If I had only known, I might have acted differently. But I didn't know. Is there no way in which things might go on as they are?"

"None that I know of—unless you join the Church."

"I wouldn't do that, sir, unless I could do it sincerely. I hope I'm not a hypocrite, whatever else I am."

"Then I'm to understand that your association with my daughter is at an end?" the Bishop demanded.

"If you insist on it, sir—yes. But I think it's both hard and unreasonable."

"That's neither here nor there. You've given me your word, young man, and I expect you to keep it."

"You can depend upon my doing the square thing, sir, whatever it costs me to do it. Good evening."

Brocketts went into the front room again. But he did not stay long. Half an hour after his conversation with the Bishop, the gate clicked behind him, and hurrying foot-steps on the cobble-stone pavement were the last sounds that reached the listening ears of the young girl by the parlor window.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The North Colorado conference was held at Greeley, Colorado, May 5. All had a very enjoyable time. President J. C. Campbell, Rigby, Idaho, was released to return home and J. N. Carroll was sustained in his place. The missionaries are, left to right, upper row: J. N. Carroll, Midway; Mrs. John L. Herrick and President John L. Herrick, Denver, Colo.; J. C. Campbell, Rigby, Idaho. Second row: H. L. McDermott, Clifton; Cora Hansen, Rexburg; J. N. Dayley, Burley; Ethel M. Call, Rigby, Idaho; E. J. Wilson, Jr., Hyrum, Utah. Third row: William Hurd, Snowville, Utah; Joseph Jensen, Independence; C. R. Hart, Raymond, Idaho; J. A. Eyre, Minersville, Utah.



Debating and Its Future*

BY DR. JOHN A. WIDTSOE, OF THE GENERAL BOARD Y. M. M. I. A.

It is now three years since systematic debating was introduced as an incidental feature of our Mutual Improvement activity. No attempt has been made to force it upon the associations. General instructions concerning debating have been given at the M. I. A. conferences and in the ERA; and the officers have been encouraged to give the subject a fair trial. In order to take stock of the results of our debating activity, especially for the purpose of planning for the future, a short questionnaire was sent to all the stake superintendents. Unfortunately, nearly one-half of the stakes failed to answer. The reports received, were, however, of unusual interest, and may well be taken to represent the present status of debating in the Mutual Improvement Associations. From other sources it appears very probable that the work would look even more favorable, had all the stakes made the requested reports.

Statistical

In fifty-six stakes, debating formed a part of the M. I. A. work; in six stakes no debates were held. In about 475 wards there was at least one debate; while in 233 wards no debates were held. That is, a little more than two-thirds of all our ward associations engaged in systematic debating. About 304 wards, or forty-three per cent took part in inter-ward debates. In a number of stakes the ward competition was repeated until a stake championship was established.

Not less than 800 M. I. A. debates were held in the Church during the year; or an average of nearly thirteen for each of the sixty-two stakes of Zion. Nearly 3,000 members took part in these debates. The debates were preceded by about 250 public speaking contests in which not less than 2,000 members took part.

As far as our reports show, the largest number of ward de-

*Read at an officers' meeting of the General Y. M. M. I. A. Conference, June, 1912.

bates in proportion to the wards occurred in the following stakes : Pioneer, 1.54 debates per ward ; Uintah, 1.50 ; Pocatello, 1.43 ; North Weber, 1.07, and Taylor, 1.00 debate per ward.

The proportion of inter-ward debates to the wards in the stake was largest in Uintah stake where five out of six wards had such debates ; followed closely by Nebo stake, which had 14 inter-ward debates among 18 wards. These leading stakes were followed by South Sanpete, North Weber and Utah stakes.

These statistics show that M. I. A. debating is assuming large proportions, and that it is participated in by the large majority of our associations. Moreover, the record of this year's leaders in the work, is evidence that success in debating is not confined to any particular section of the Church. Pioneer stake, which leads in ward debates, is in Salt Lake City, the oldest section of the Church in the west ; Uintah stake, which is so near the record of Pioneer as to be almost identical, represents true frontier conditions, where the advantages of our modern day are reached with difficulty.

Questions for Debate

The questions that have been debated throw much light on the relation of debating to the M. I. A. work. The General Board has published from year to year a list of suggestive questions for debates. Nearly all the stakes have used several of these questions ; but in almost every instance other questions have also been used. An analysis of these topics, especially chosen by the associations, shows that the topics bear direct relationship to the life of the community. Thus in a large number of rural communities the relative value of dry-farming and irrigation has been discussed ; in a sugar beet section, the relative value of sugar beet growing and dairying ; in a sheep district, the advisability of maintaining National Forests ; in a sparsely settled country, the wisdom of establishing a county high school ; in a county where a high school has been established, the proper place of manual training in high school work, and in one stake where probably the last election was not just up to M. I. A. standards, the mutuals dared to discuss the merits of woman's suffrage.

It is clear that our debating has not been a perfunctory following of General Board instructions ; it has been made part of

the public life—yet it is good to notice that questions of partisan politics have been left out altogether.

Causes of Success

The statistics gathered indicate also at least one cause of success in debating—the one great cause in all success. It was thought by many, when M. I. A. debating was first undertaken, that only in the proximity of libraries, schools and other concentrated educational activities, would the work prove successful. The statistics already given disprove this view. The success achieved in any stake seems rather to have been proportional to the interest given it by the stake officers. For instance, one of the stakes in Salt Lake City heads the list of proportional ward debates; another of the stakes in Salt Lake City reports that it had done absolutely nothing in debating, but explains that the time has been devoted to music and related activities. Uintah and Taylor stakes, both on the frontier, are leaders in this year's work, but another stake reports that little has been done because of the handicap of pioneer conditions. In practically every case, the success in debating, excepting the intrinsic value of the subject itself, has come when the M. I. A. officers have worked the debating branch of their business. Good results appear always to have followed the appointment of a stake committee having special charge of debating.

General Results of the Work

With remarkable unanimity, the superintendents declare that the M. I. A. debating work has resulted in good. Some write with unbounded enthusiasm; all with conviction: one confines himself to the statement that "the results have been very good." It is really surprising to note the enthusiasm with which the conservative leaders of the M. I. A. write of the results of their work in debating. One outlying stake suggests that it is the best step taken in M. I. A. work. Another, in one of our most populous centers, declares that nothing else has given greater life to the associations and helped more to increase attendance. Still another writes that through debating many non-members have been drawn into the associations, and have become permanent members. Yet another exclaims: "We have not enough of them;" and yet an-

other remarks that in his stake the work has tended to make the boys think more. Practically everyone reports that new members have been drawn into the associations as a result of the work in debating; and that new interest in all the M. I. A. work has developed as a result of these friendly contests.

Making due allowance for the loyal friendliness of the M. I. A. officers to all phases of the work, it is evident that our debating activity has had a stimulating effect upon the attendance and interest; and has increased the general popularity of M. I. A. work among young and old.

The Future

Numerous excellent suggestions came from the reporting superintendents. One stake suggests that the debaters should be chosen on the basis of their work with the Manual. While this could not be made the full basis of choice, yet, clearly, only faithful members of the M. I. A. should be given the privilege of contesting for membership on the teams, and thus a premium could be put upon general excellence in M. I. A. work. Another good suggestion is that regular nights be set aside at the beginning of the M. I. A. year, for the various ward debates. This superintendent goes even further by suggesting that the dates might be the same throughout the Church. We may in time reach such uniform action, though probably not soon; but the spirit back of the suggestion, that the work be planned systematically and considerable time ahead, merits the greatest commendation. Only by systematizing work, can great results be obtained. The suggestion made by another superintendent, that trophies be provided for the winners of debates has already been made in earlier conferences. Medals, properly inscribed, or small cups, can be secured for small sums. Contributions for such purposes can usually be obtained from men or business houses whose interests are in the communities where the debates are held. Undoubtedly the General Boards would be willing to contribute to trophies for those attaining a stake championship.

Questions must be chosen with great care. A small list of suggestive questions will be published in an early number of the ERA; but as heretofore many must be found by the stakes and wards. Free use should be made of all public libraries in gather-

ing information. The committee of the General Board having debating in charge will be glad to give what help may be desired. It may be of interest to know that thousands of volumes have been taken out of the libraries of the State to help the M. I. A. debaters. At least one college library has had demands for helps which involved sending books hundreds of miles to active mutual workers who were preparing for debates.

It may be emphasized, as it was a year ago, that increased attention should be given to oratorical contests, to precede the debates, and to be the basis for choosing the teams. It may be well to begin such contests at the very opening of the year. They furnish excellent practice in public speaking, and are always of general interest. Two or three nights given to such work could be profitably spent.

Debating is not conducted for the purpose of winning, however valuable the incidental item of victory may be. We desire to train our members in the methods of gathering information on any subject; of organizing knowledge into an orderly system of thought; of sifting truth from error, and of stating the truth clearly and convincingly to others. By public speaking contests and by debating practice, properly conducted, these objects may be accomplished.

The fear that debating in our mutuals would become harmful quarreling, has shown itself to be largely without foundation. Instead, it is already showing its power for mental and spiritual development. We need, however, to keep before us the meaning and methods of correct debating as outlined in the last two M. I. A. conferences and as is repeated in the manual for 1912-13. Surely the practice in public speaking, in correct reasoning and courteous discussion, will not only help the individuals, but as our boys and girls go into the mission field, the benefits of this phase of M. I. A. activity will become apparent.

Debating and all other branches of our Church activity are only evidences of the high destiny of the people, the fulness of which lies in the God-given doctrine to the Prophet Joseph, "The glory of God is intelligence."

A "Mormon" Woman's Sacrifice

BY ANNIE KAY HARDY

Hers was a quiet, uneventful life, not an unhappy one. Monotony suits some natures, and Mary had never craved excitement. The care of her husband, the little ones, and the small, plain cottage, robbed her days of loneliness.

Their intense love for music had been one of the welding links that bound her to the silent, earnest man who had chosen her for his wife. Few verbal demonstrations of affection passed between them, but as twilight deepened, and the impalpable something in sight and sound betokening nature's coming repose touched the dwellers of the home, George's hands sought the keys of the organ, and their voices blended in perfect harmony in the hymn, "Rest." He suddenly turned, his eyes shining with inspiration, and glancing at his wife seated in her low rocker, with the sleeping baby boy resting against her bosom, saw reflected from her eyes emotion strong as his own.

"Brother Careless must always be remembered for that contribution to the musical world; its harmony satisfies me as no other piece in the Psalmody." No answer, only a silent inclination of the head; and, looking closer, he saw tear drops clinging to her dark eyelashes.

Thinking the solemn funeral music had awakened some tender or painful emotion, he did not speak again.

A long pause, the swaying of the stiff leaves on the lilac bush; the melancholy chirp of the Katy-dids; the silent entrance of the moonbeams, and still these two, so much one, were hushed.

When the music died away, it seemed as if an icy hand had clutched Mary's heart, and one of those sudden startling premonitions of coming sorrow took possession of her.

"Let me put the baby in the crib; he is getting too heavy for you." Rising from her chair she met George coming out of the bedroom, and with a swift movement placed her hands on his shoulders. "George, I could not live without you. I feel that I

am just your helpmate, and such a weak, unworthy one." The pathetic voice, the childish tremor of her hands, instantly touched his sympathy. This was so unlike his reserved, self-controlled wife.

"I'll tell you what is the matter, you are getting over-done with work; we must have help. Just think, fifteen quarts of fruit bottled today, besides the care of baby and Joe,—baking and what not!"

"No; I am not too tired, but last night I dreamed—"

"There; that is clear proof that you are getting nervous, nothing but a stern reality could disturb you. But come, tell me the dream, and I will make a comforting interpretation for it," he added, kindly.

"I thought I stood on the shore of a great ocean, looking toward the west. The sun was almost out of sight and a broad track of dazzling light fell across the water, almost blinding me. It began to fade, and I discerned a small boat in which you stood upright. I watched intently, and at first had a feeling of security; but, as the skiff glided farther away, my hands reached out imploringly and I prayed in agony for your return. The waves began to splash over me, but I did not move. Your boat went down. As I stood transfixed with helplessness, the tune we have just chanted together, began to sound from the water, and the great lapping waves seemed to beat an accompaniment as they broke on the rocks."

"That must have been an impressive dream, but we will go out to Salt Lake tomorrow, and the sight of the water will break one part of it just as our music did the other; and I shall make the lunch disappear so fast, that you will want me to get out of sight so that you may have any share at all. Be sure and take plenty of fruit, some of your flakiest biscuits—and don't forget kippered herring." This was a long, animated speech for George Gray, but was compelled by the somber mood that had assailed them—from, they scarcely knew what.

"What subtle, unknown forerunner,
Whose wings I may never see,
Came running to me, unbidden,
Predicting strange things to me."

Mary put away her fears, and said, practically: "Why, this

is bread night; I nearly forgot. I must bring the yeast out of the cellar." Passing from the kitchen to the outside cellar door, cup in hand, she looked up with intense appreciation of the beautiful August moon with the bright star that was its close companion. "How lovely! just like fairy land." The tall pear tree outlined by the moonbeams, the vines, the locust trees in the distance, and all still, save the persistent chirp, chirp, of the cicadas in the trees. As she looked with loving reverence at the grandeur of the heavens and earth, the indefinable shiver again passed over her, and she silently prayed to the Source of all good to "keep them in perfect peace."

Morning came with its many responsibilities for the young housekeeper. The regular routine work accomplished, she prepared to iron a few pieces of starched clothing, necessary for the afternoon outing. The fears of last night were forgotten. The baby was asleep, and Joe playing with his blocks under the table. Glancing at the window, Mary saw that the geraniums were drooping a little, and reaching for a pitcher of water, went to moisten them. "Why, there goes the postman down the street. I wonder if he brought mail for us?" she queried. "I did not hear the bell."

Stooping by the front door she picked up an ordinary-looking letter. Scrutinizing it with the interest common to all people on receiving mail, she read: "George Gray, City." Then, her attention was arrested, riveted, on the expression "Box B" on the upper left hand corner of the envelope. Local conditions and information have much to do with the possibility of grasping fully certain situations. Those words conveyed almost to a certainty the contents of the enclosed manuscript. Her face paled, then flushed, she turned and placed this harbinger full of momentous meaning to her, on the table, the edge of which was grasped for support. The oblong paper seemed swimming in the moisture that her heart was forcing through her eyes. "George is going on a mission," she said, softly. Then, applying an inward brace, she stood erect, determination stamped on every feature. "It had to come some time; the Lord's time is ours; it is all right." No selfish thoughts intruded. "The last payment is made on the place; there is the fifty dollars laid by towards the new furniture, that will help over his expenses, and maybe he is not to go right

away." She made a swift inventory of his clothing and possible needs. The children's, and her own were so secondary, that they were not even remembered. The rapid planning was for his comfortable equipment. The whole trend of her devoted, religious life had been to make sacrifices without complaint, and if her husband had been called to go out as a messenger of peace, as a teacher of righteousness, she would support the enterprise with all her might. Clinging to her home as closely as the honey-suckle that climbed around the door, she could say to the one nearest and dearest on earth: "Our duty shall be our pleasure."

Mechanically, and yet with care and precision, she prepared their midday meal, not without often looking at the little clock over the table. Potatoes were pared; tomatoes sliced; peaches peeled ready for the cream; then the graham bread was cut in thin slices just as he liked it.

When all was in readiness, she slipped out and gathered a bunch of sweet peas as a finishing touch to the attractive little table with its snowy cloth.

The gingham apron was hung on a nail, and a white one tied around her waist. Going to the mirror she smoothed the wavy brown hair, and attended once more to the fruit-stained hands to make them presentable. Joe was washed under vigorous protest on his part, and the clean percale rompers added for a short time to his sweet, chubby appearance.

The twelve o'clock whistle had sounded,—it was almost time. Presently another whistle, well known to Joe, broke the silence. Heavy footsteps were upon the path. The three-year-old boy ran noisily out to meet papa. Mary started towards the door, but retraced her steps. Somehow, this was a holy day, and she wanted to be very quiet. "Now or after dinner?" she thought, answering herself by placing the missive in his hand. An instantaneous glimpse; his eyes sought hers—their usual method of communication.

"Is it?" she asked. Another look at the opened letter.

"Yes, I am called on a mission. Mary, what do you say?"

"I? what can I say? what should I say—but go, and God bless you."

"You—the children?"

"We shall not want. I am not afraid."

A second letter located his missionary service: he was to go to one of the Pacific islands, in six weeks. Now began a series of special preparations. The Geography was consulted as to distance from home, and from the equator. Climatic conditions were inquired into with a view to taking suitable clothing. A large steamer trunk was procured, and in it were packed the articles, nearly all selected by the wife who was so solicitous for her husband's comfort. "Soft shirts will be preferable," she thought, for among the natives it will be difficult to have the laundering done; and woollen socks will not wear out as fast as cotton—and that reminds me, I must fix a whole bachelor's outfit, for Brother Jones says riding through the bush is very hard upon the clothing." So, pins, needles, darning and sewing cottons, scissors, etc., were stored in the yawning trunk, which, however, was soon crowded beyond its capacity, for parcels began to arrive, filled with loving remembrances for far-away missionary husbands, sons, and brothers.

The idea of taking an American mackintosh was abandoned because Brother Jones said a "slicker" purchased in the colonies would better withstand the rain during the wet season. A plain business suit was procured for travel in cars and steamer, and some half-worn suits were included for the horseback riding on the Island.

They decided to rent the house, and Mary and the children were to live with Aunt Susan while papa was away.

While Mary was working for his personal comfort, George was employed with the greater business of trying to provide some little income to keep his loved ones from want during his absence.

Such pleasant, sweet little surprises came to George and Mary during those busy days.

"The house is rented for a year at sixteen dollars a month, and to a good tenant," said George. Just then at the screen door appeared two pretty, girlish forms encased in fluffy, summer draperies. Before they would sit down, the girls, members of Brother Gray's theological class, began their breezy chat, and laughter. Youth, sweet spring time of life, with lovely spell, you carry us back to the green lanes, and bloomy airs of existence!

"Brother Gray, we know about your mission call, and where you are going, and here are some little love tokens for you.

These handkerchiefs are Utah silk. I worked your initials myself, and embroidered the little sachet, too. Take them with best wishes for success." "And I," said the other, "have earned some money, the first in my life, by sewing, I brought this Testament and hymn book, and some of the chapters we had for our last Sunday's lesson are marked. The class has arranged for a little "farewell" party in the vestry tomorrow night, you and Aunt Susan must come with the guest of honor, Mrs. Gray."

George's eyes were growing a little misty. Somehow, he began to realize that his patient efforts in behalf of the young had not been all unavailing. This appreciation was sweet. His dignified, rather unapproachable manner had, unwittingly, forbidden the exchange of confidence, so lovely to both pupil and teacher. Now this mission, so great an event in our community, broke down the barriers of reserve, and good will and wishes flooded through the gates.

When the big "farewell" was given in the ward meeting house, George feared he was getting more than his deserts. The room was decorated with dahlias and sunflowers. A mandolin and guitar club furnished music. The Sunday school girls dressed in white acted as ushers, and were kept employed seating not only his friends of the "ward," but also many from distant wards. The choir sang suitable selections, recitations were given, also instrumental and vocal solos, and speeches commendatory of George's past labors and encouragement for the experience that was coming.

Then, when he was called from the audience to make his farewell speech, although accustomed to public speaking, his heart beat with rapid, heavy throbs and a lump which half choked his utterance, refused to move from his throat. As he stood on the platform, the strong emotions that were surging within, betrayed themselves in every feature of his handsome face. As Mary, seated in the back of the room, looked at him, a great rush of pride, affection, joy and pain filled her soul. Yet those conflicting thoughts forced no outward manifestation. Quickly her mind turned backward to the time in their school days, when he, a shy, never awkward youth, began to show a preference for her society. Not intrusive, always gallant, it seemed just then that she could not remember the time when she did not both respect and love him. Great events often recur in groups in the associations of

memory, and she lived again the time when with penetrating, soulful eyes fixed upon her, he for the first time, in words, said simply but grandly, "Mary, I love you, will you be my wife?" She could see the apple blossoms; could feel the breezes that were blowing that happy day. Then they knelt beside the altar and promised to be true through "time and all eternity." Next, a feeble wail seemed to sound telling her she was a mother, and George held their baby's face to her lips to be kissed. How much thought can be accomplished without any active conscious effort!

The "farewell" was over, and a handshaking and good wishing such as George had never experienced before would linger with him forever.

In the morning, old sister Meek called. "Brother Gray, you were very kind to my sick boy before he died. I could never tell how thankful I was and am to you. Here are two neckties, one black the other white. I thought they would be suitable for a missionary. Wear them to please me, and remember I shall always pray for your safety."

George's heart was softened with love towards his fellow-men during these last days at home, and his resolutions to aid humanity were strengthened.

The parting hour came. In the sacred shelter of their own home, George said good-bye to his loved ones, for years, at least, he thought. His first letter, a hurried one came from San Francisco, he was to take steamer from that point. The second, from the Sandwich Isles, enclosing some foreign-looking leaves. The arrival at the destined Island; detailed accounts of the sea voyage; first impressions of the native people; their manners, customs; his forced introduction to their "Rio" (language), as he was left alone in a village whose people were unacquainted with English; his loneliness, dependence upon God for comfort and aid; his solicitation for the health and happiness of the loved ones at home,—all these furnished abundant themes for interesting correspondence. Between the pages of the letters, pressed ferns and flowers were never wanting. These were received with joy and thanksgiving by the waiting wife; were kissed and carried near her heart through the day; read and reread with moist eyes, and placed under her pillow at night. In turn that monthly mail carried across the mighty Pacific loving messages from wife, babies, and

friends. Also tokens for his birthdays and Christmas, and so time went on. Other missionaries spoke of George's wonderful progress in mastering the native tongue, and his aptness, and intelligence in dealing with the people.

Two years slipped away. Another August twilight shadowed the scorched earth. Mary, standing under the big trees by Aunt Susan's gate, saw two men approaching. One, a neighbor, with constrained husky voice, spoke with a reluctance that could scarcely be mastered.

"Good evening. When did you hear from Brother Gray?" A quick throb of joy shook the form of the quiet, strong-souled woman before them. "George is released, he is coming home," she thought. "I had a letter two weeks ago," she answered with quickened breath. "A cablegram has come,—he is dead!"

If a thunderbolt had fallen upon her from that clear evening sky, its effect would scarcely have been less disastrous. The blood seemed to freeze in her veins; seeing, she saw not; hearing she heard not. The messenger had not meant to be abrupt, his soul was full of pitying tenderness. They attempted to speak words of sympathy, and consolation, then turned sadly away, thinking perhaps some of the women folks could help her better. She answered the "Good-night, and God bless you," waited until they were out of sight, then, looking out into the great vacant world gave one low, bitter cry. She did not lapse into unconsciousness, and strangely enough as the waves of sorrow swept over her, she seemed to be borne upward above violent grief. The two years of separation were as nothing. Again the great August moon looked solemnly down; a requiem chanted by the cicadas in the trees stirred the silent night, and the melody of George's forgotten voice echoed through the chambers of memory, "Rest, rest, on the hillside, rest"—the last hymn they sang together. Lifting her eyes to the starry sky as she did that other night, in this moment of supreme bereavement, Mary thanked God for giving him to her, nor murmured that he was taken away. The grand world of life would never be much to her without the noble man who gave his life while trying to help others understand his conception of truth. Staggering up the pathway, comforted only by a deathless faith, through pallid, parched lips, she whispered:

"George's boys must be cared for."

A Reverie During an Organ Recital at the Tabernacle

BY AUGUSTINE DWYER, M. A.

The winter afternoon was wearing on to its dull close. The great sun at setting had looked with steadfast eye upon the spires of the Temple, and before throwing his final glance across the world toward the east, lit up with a faint radiance the golden statue of the Angel Moroni, and rested on it like a smile of peace.

At such an hour I wended my way toward the portals of the Tabernacle. I became one of the great crowd that climbed the stairway to the sweeping gallery where through the passing years, thousands have come, and thousands have gone, each bearing his burden of grief and sorrow, the common destiny of the common lot. Who they were, I knew not, whence they came, I knew not, but this I knew, that they had come with the same expectancy that I had come—to hear the glorious music of the great world-famed organ.

A solemn stillness rested upon the waiting multitude. For a moment “the restless pulse of care was still.” Every ear was strained to listen. I noticed near me such evidences of restlessness as betray in a seated throng high-wrought expectancy of some pleasure too long deferred. But at last the performer took his place at the keyboard. And now there was a breathless hush, as from the heart of the organ, a low, minor prelude was heard, making its way through the great Tabernacle, falling upon listening ears like the first notes of the advent song that fell upon the hills of Bethlehem, announcing the birth of the Prince of Peace. From my place in the gallery I could see the face of the player. His eyes fairly beamed with the harmony he was bringing forth from the mighty instrument. I now understood why the name of Prof. McClellan is hallowed in the hearts of all the lovers of music who have sat under the spell of his genius.

And then the tones swelled in volume, beautiful and clear, more tender than love, more solemn than death, the organ poured

out the sweet strains of a selection from Verdi's opera *Il Trovatore*.

When these majestic strains died away, once more the skillful fingers of the performer swept the keys, and the organ gave forth the grand old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." It was like the cry of divine hunger to the throne of love. Still higher and higher it rose, clear and uncommingled to the vaulted roof, borne triumphantly upward, as if by love and aspiration, until its volume of harmony seemed spending itself in an effort to make itself understood in the ear of God. Solemn and sweet the sounds penetrated the whole edifice. They impressed the heart as if heaven had come down a little nearer to earth, so that its melodies might soothe the souls of struggling, suffering men. With eyes closed one could have supposed it was music from the heavenly city.

Slowly the majestic strains of the old hymn died away. There was a pause. The stillness of death was on the listening throng. The full organ now sent out a gentle stream of music; it rose and fell into a river of melody that soon burst its banks and became a rushing torrent of sound, mighty in its power, almost awful in its expression. It thundered like the mighty fall of Niagara; it wailed like a prophet warning a sinful people of the wrath of an offended God.

Then came, in successive anthems, songs, and passages of masterpieces of the great composers; some of them familiar, all of them exquisite in their effect to illustrate the wondrous faculties of this uninspired, untenanted mechanism, that was yet able to represent with such fidelity the deep and lofty, the softest and strongest emotions of the soul. Now, the imitation of the human voice was so perfect, it required an effort of the mind to believe that a living being was not rendering those plaintive strains in some distant recess of the great Tabernacle.

And now the Alpine horn, the flute and other instruments were so distinctively given, it was hard to comprehend the truth that in the midst of one grand performance, on a single instrument, so many and so distinct and perfect imitations of others could be introduced. Perhaps nothing was more beautiful than the tinkling of water dropping into a fountain; yet, when one effect had been enjoyed, as if the most complete, another soon succeeded, so delicate and so touching that it seemed as if the

last were more lovely than all which had been heard before. It is quite impossible to speak of a performance on this great organ of the "Mormon" Tabernacle without being suspected, by those who have not heard it, of exaggeration.

My body and spirit seemed ravished in ecstasy. I was transported and wrapt in contemplation, so that there was no room left in my mind except for divine and heavenly raptures. I was no longer a creature of earth. There had come to me a foretaste of that joy eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath the human heart conceived. I opened my eyes, looked at the golden pipes, and wondered if the organ had a soul.

I simply cannot describe the effect of this music: how it soothed, subdued, and melted the heart when its tenderest utterances fell like balm on a wounded spirit; how it carried me away to other days, and far-away lands, and lifted me again to thoughts of heaven and the harmonies of the saints; and so pure, so holy were the strains and the associations they brought with them, I wept that I had ever lived but in the hallowed atmosphere of the Good, the Unseen, and Infinite! Nor was this a transient sentiment fading when the hour of such strange teaching was ended, and the great Tabernacle ceased to tremble with these majestic tones, as if the voice of the Almighty had suddenly filled it. The tones of that organ have followed me for days and nights. They followed me into the mountain fastnesses of Emigration Canyon, amid snow-capped peaks, bounding torrents and roaring cataracts, proclaiming the power of Him who created them. I hear the voice of God everywhere in the sublime natural scenery of this lovely land of Utah. But if these lofty mountains, with their Titan peaks, if these mighty waterfalls and warring Niagaras, if the great Salt Lake and its hidden mysteries, if the gigantic rocks and awful precipices; if these works of His are eloquent to speak His praise, how much more is such a voice as that organ the great achievement of a mind and hand that God made endowed and guided in their work.

I have thought in years past that words are not essential to a train of thought: we think in words, always and only in words. But since listening to the great organ of the Tabernacle, I know that we need no words to make us feel, and words are not made that are capable of expressing what we feel. Even so, as I draw

the description of this reverie to a close, I feel that perhaps it were better that I had made no attempt to portray with pen what is not in the compass of words to utter. The tones of that mighty instrument are to be heard, and felt and enjoyed.

That winter afternoon has passed into eternity. The throng that listened have scattered. I sometimes wonder if in life's turmoil they still catch fragments of the music that entered their souls that winter afternoon, and bore them upward to the heights of peace. I sometimes wonder, and as I wonder, I pray: God bless them, one and all, wherever they may be.

Writing from Christiania, Norway, April 27, Elder Lorenzo Swenson says: "At our conference held a short time ago there were thirty-two missionaries present—two ladies and two boys, and a large attendance of Saints and friends from this and other branches. One concert and six meetings were held, including a session of each of the M. I. A. and Sunday School. The business of the conference was transacted, and interesting and instructive sermons were given by elders Andrew Jenson, Martin Christopherson, John Halvorsen, C. M. Nielsen and others. Many strangers were in attendance and we believe much good will result. The elders are now in their fields of labor, from Odalen on the north to Arendal on the south, on both sides of the fjord. Many desire to know the truth, but it is hard for them to believe that the teachings of 'Mormonism' are the divine doctrines of Christ; nevertheless, by the help of the Lord, we hope to convince the people that the gospel of salvation and authority from heaven have been restored. The enemy is busy fighting the truth, but we fear not, for we believe firmly in the words of the Lord that this work has been restored never to be taken away again; and who can stand against the Lord? It is amusing to watch our enemies go about their work: discussion-meetings are advertised, in which 'Mormonism,' in large letters, is used as a drawing card and an entrance fee of ten or twenty ore is charged. The meetings are turned over to a discussion of the teachings of 'Mormonism,' although they know nothing about the subject whatever. Often these meetings end in a quarrel. At other times such subjects as the 'God of the 'Mormons,' 'Are the 'Mormons' Christians?' are advertised, but when the meetings are over, people are no wiser than before, because the real subject has not been discussed. The speakers have tried to outdo each other in reviling words, and in speaking on the threadbare topic of polygamy and of things a thousand miles away, but never a word of true information on the advertised subject. We have paid little attention to their warfare. The gospel is to be preached by peace and kindness, not by strife and ill feelings. It is a gospel of charity, not antagonism."



Photo by C. E. Johnson.

THE BOUNTIFUL M. I. A. SCOUTS IN THE LIBERTY PARK PARADE

Over the Pioneer Trail

II

As foreshadowed in the last number of the ERA, the Y. M. M. I. A. scouts were organized into a Pioneer Trail Party, and at 7:10 a. m., July 21, boarded a special car for Echo at the Oregon Short Line station, Salt Lake City. They went by way of Ogden over the Union Pacific Railway to Echo, by courtesy of the Oregon Short Line Railway, arriving at 10:10 a. m. At Bountiful some twenty-five scouts, with Stake president Joseph H. Grant, joined the party, making about sixty-one people in all who went over the railway. John D. Bowers, Liberty Stake scout master, had already some thirty-one scouts on the march from Salt Lake over the trail, who met the main party in East Canyon. At Echo the Coalville patrol, some twelve in number, joined the company. Presidents Anthon H. Lund and Francis M. Lyman were with them at Henefer, while in Main Canyon, Professor J. H. Paul and J. George Midgley overtook them. Dr. J. Z. Brown accompanied the scouts the whole distance.

On the train a committee of control was organized to take general direction of the party. They issued six general orders which give a complete outline of the travels.

Pioneer Trail Party, Y. M. M. I. A. Scouts,
On Board O. S. L. and U. P. Train, July 21, 1912.
General Order No. 1.

Dr. John H. Taylor, Scout Director.—The Pioneer Trail Party is under committee of control, composed of the committee on Athletics and

Field Sports and members of the General Board and Church authorities, with the party. This committee is now in charge, Heber J. Grant, Chairman, and Edward H. Anderson, Secretary.

On arrival of train at Henefer, Scouts will deposit bedding and other baggage on the side of train, to be left in charge of depot master. Scouts will re-enter train and proceed to Echo, where they will debouch on right hand side of train, and will be drawn up in order under patrol leaders and await orders for march into Echo Canyon.

By order of Committee of Control.

HEBER J. GRANT, B. H. ROBERTS, FRANCIS M. LYMAN, ANTHON H. LUND, JUNIUS F. WELLS, HYRUM M. SMITH, ORSON F. WHITNEY, RULON S. WELLS, EWARD H. ANDERSON, MORONI SNOW.

Orders subject to modification.

Echo, July 21, 1912, 10:20 a. m.

General Order No. 2.

Dr. John H. Taylor, Scout Director.—Scouts will march into Echo canyon to be shown the junction of Red Fork and the Weber river, and other points of interest.

Re-forming, they will return to the meetinghouse where lunch prepared by citizens will be served.

After lunch Scouts will march to Henefer and attend religious services in the Henefer meetinghouse, to be followed by luncheon prepared by the citizens of Henefer.

By order of the Committee of Control.

Henefer, July 21, 1912, 2 p. m.

General Order No. 3.

Dr. John H. Taylor, Scout Director.—After luncheon scouts will form in front of meetinghouse and cheer in recognition of the hospitality of the people of Henefer.

Scouts will load baggage and march some distance up the ravine leading south from Henefer, and form camp for the night.

By order of the Committee of Control.

Main Canyon Camp No. 1, July 21, 1912, 7:40 p. m.

Order No. 4.

Dr. John H. Taylor, Scout Director.—Scouts will be called by reveille at 4:45 o'clock a. m.

The following order of calls will be observed: reveille, morning roll call, march, assembly, breakfast call, dinner call, evening roll call, supper call, general assembly, taps.

Scouts will make pre-breakfast march, starting at 6 a. m., until they reach Assistant Scout Director J. D. Bowers' camp, when the company will breakfast.

After breakfast, Scouts will proceed to East Canyon, thence to evening camp above Clayton's ranch.

By order of the Committee of Control.

Camp Clayton, On the Pioneer Trail, July 22, 1912, 7:40 p. m.

General Order No. 5.

Dr. John H. Taylor, Scout Director.—Reveille 4:45 a. m.

After breakfast march will be formed with Scouts and wagons to the mouth of Little Emigration Canyon, at the mouth of which company will be halted.

At this point wagons will proceed to Mountain Dell by way of Gogorza.

Scout patrols, with three saddle horses, will proceed up Little Emigration Canyon to summit of Big Mountain, thence to Mountain Dell for evening encampment, at base of Little Mountain.

It is ordered that the march be more leisurely than this morning. By order of the Committee of Control.

Camp Grant, On the Pioneer Trail, July 23, 1912, 7:50 p. m.

General Order No. 6.

Dr. John H. Taylor, Scout Director.—Reveille 4:45 a. m.

After breakfast company will march in patrol order over Little Mountain to Kelvin, where, in order to reach Liberty Park in time for Scouts to participate in parade in honor of Pioneers of 1847, company will be loaded upon cars to Mt. Olivet.

From the latter place the Pioneer Party will be formed in patrol order and march to northeast corner Liberty Park, where they will be ordered into the parade under regulations of Parade Committee.

From Mt. Olivet company will carry two U. S. flags, one at head and other at rear of column, and during parade. Wagons will go by way of Parley's Canyon and meet marching patrols at northeast corner of park, prepared to follow scouts in parade.

By order of the Committee of Control.

OFFICIAL ROSTER

General Board Y. M. M. I. A.—Heber J. Grant, B. H. Roberts, Junius F. Wells, Edward H. Anderson, Hyrum M. Smith, Rulon S. Wells, Moroni Snow, John H. Taylor.

Guests—Orson F. Whitney, Prof. J. H. Paul, Joseph H. Grant, J. George Midgley.

Physician—Dr John Z. Brown.

Scout Director—Dr. John H. Taylor.

Bountiful Troop No. 1—L. I. Briggs, scout master. Patrol No. 1—Henry Call, leader, Rodney Pack, Joseph Tuttle, Thaddeus Bryson, Amby Briggs, Henry Naylor, John Ellis, Clarence Bartholomew. Patrol No. 2—Horace J. Grant, leader, David Holbrook, John Fisher, Aaron George, Conroy Bryson, Andrew Arbuckle, Homer Ledingham, Clyde Cook. Patrol No. 3—Ralph Waddoups, leader, DeVan Stringham, Nicholas Krause, William Winegar, Harold Briggs, Lorin Barlow, Walter Stringham, Haven Stringham, Arch Briggs. Patrol No. 4—Ralph Rampton, leader, Leland Sessions, La Mar Barlow, Haven Barlow, Dan Smedley, Willard Call, Edison Willey, Marvin Willey, Hyland Chase.

Liberty Stake Troop—John D. Bowers, stake scout master. Patrol No. 1—Jesse Rupp, scout leader, Thirty-first ward, Reed Michaelson, Newland Foster, Gordon Cartwell, Louis Evans, Ray Cullon, Wilford Schafer, Frank Beers, Heber Schulthess, Nephi Folkerson, Elmer Pratt. Patrol No. 2—Herman Kammerrath, leader, Wieter Jenkins, Melvin Vincent, Junior Evans, Thomas Gray, Raymond Squires, Eugene Naylor, Minor Rupp, John Alden Bowers, William Absent, Virgil Harris.

Wolf Patrol, Granite Stake—Thomas Wood, scout leader, Leonard Nebeker, Wilford Hall, Cecil Zylsing, Douglas Barnes, Edgar Robins, Clarence Kinder, Frank Nelden, Clyde Richardson, Denzil Watts, Joseph Smith.

Pioneer Stake Patrol—George Woodbury, scout leader; Orrin

Woodbury, Earl Stevenson, Warren Hussey, Arthur Sorenson, Marcelus Bills.

Coalville Patrol—Bayard Taylor, scout leader; W. H. Rhead, Joseph Clives, Melvin Blomquist, Harold Allen, Lafayette Lamb, Thomas Rees, Ray Calderwood, Ray Williams, W.H. Branch, Jr. Heber Taylor, Gerald Bullock.



THE ENSIGN STAKE PATROL NO. 1—
ALL BUT THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Ensign Stake Troop
—Patrol No. 1 — S. Irwin Clawson, scout leader; Fred Barker, assistant scout leader; George Waring, Lester Glade, Larry Allen, Alfred Clawson, Howard B. Anderson, Ben Wells, Clyde Sharp, Clarence Waring, Wallace Bennett.

Drivers—Horace Eldredge, wagon No. 1; W. H. Branch, wagon No. 2; George W. Young, assistant; Waldemar Neilson, wagon No. 3; Harold Barlow, wagon No. 4; Daniel Merrill, wagon No. 5; seven wagons, 17 horses.



SINGING "COME, COME, YE SAINTS," IN ECHO CANYON

In Echo Canyon the company were joined by President Moses W. Taylor and many citizens of Summit county. Here the boys conversed with the Echo, were shown the place of the fortifications of 1858, and told many important historical events of the pioneers by B. H. Roberts. The whole company sang, with spirit and feeling heretofore unexperienced in their lives, the good old pioneer song, "Come, come, ye Saints." Then they marched to the Echo meetinghouse, and in a shady lane, lined with blooming meadows and overshadowed by the everlasting hills, they were treated to a tasty lunch prepared by the good

citizens of Echo and served by the graceful young ladies of that ward.

During the little rest, an opportunity was given to view a rare old banner containing all the names of the original, 1847, pioneers, and made by the Relief Societies of Winter Quarters. Another curiosity was shown by Elder Bullock of Coalville—the old buckskin coat worn by his father, Thomas Bullock, on his pioneer trip, in 1847. Elder Grant put the old coat on, and Ben Wells and Howard Anderson caught a snap shot of him, as shown in our page picture.

Just after noon the boys were on the march for Henefer—one hour and a half brought them to the meetinghouse; they were met by the Morgan brass band, a vigorous company of young men and musicians, who escorted them from the river into town and during meeting enlivened the occasion with timely



HENEFER MEETINGHOUSE AND GROUNDS

tunes. They and Presidents Daniel Heiner and Moses W. Taylor and the good citizens of Henefer deserve kindly remembrance for freely giving their busy time and means to entertain the visitors. Nearly 800 people crowded in and around the building, and President Anthon H. Lund, Elders Francis M. Lyman, Orson F. Whitney, B. H. Roberts, Hyrum M. Smith and others treated the congregation to stirring pioneer and patriotic speeches, enlivened by the singing of the ward choir, and the music of the band.

Bishop M. F. Harris, after meeting, which some of the boys thought "lasted a long time," gave the glad announcement that lunch was ready, and the scouts and visitors enjoyed more than six hundred substantial lunches prepared by the citizens and served by the handsome young ladies of the ward.

Then followed the march up Main Canyon, where the encampment for the night was enlivened by a sketch of Orson Pratt and an inspiring eulogy of his pioneer labors, by B. H. Roberts,

the singing of "The Flag Without a Stain," by Heber J. Grant, instructions on camp conduct and sanitation, and some stories, and other exercises and songs by the scouts. After taps came a delightful rest in the cool air, on the green sward, under the light of the moon and the unparalleled starlit sky.

The next morning, 22nd, the boys were early moving, and later, in Dixie canyon, had their first struggle with providing their own meals—each patrol for itself. The experiment was wonderful! Then down the canyon to its junction with East canyon, an inspection of the reservoir, a swim in it, a walk over



SCOUTS GREETING THE "BRIDGE BUILDERS" FROM THE HILL-TOP,
NEAR LITTLE EMIGRATION CANYON

the hills, fishing, dinner on the purling stream, a study of flowers and birds in delightful talks by Prof. J. H. Paul, meandering along the stream, and a go-as-you-please march up the canyon to Camp Clayton, marked this the second day's doings. New mown hay from Clayton's ranch was provided for the horses. Orson F. Whitney gave a banjo-song entertainment by the big campfire, which immediately caught the hearts of the boys. His oration on Brigham Young was a gem. Prof. Paul here explained the poison ivy plant, and warned against it. His talk on the Lewis woodpecker—specimens of which rare bird are here found, was especially entertaining.

On the early morning of the 23rd, after the regular prayers, and the salutation of the flag, the usual instructions by Scout Director Taylor for the day, and a hearty breakfast, the march continued up the canyon, thence *via* Emigration canyon, over Big Mountain to Mountain Dell.

B. H. Roberts, Hyrum M. Smith, Junius F. Wells, and others set out ahead of the scouts on an important mission to

build a bridge over Canyon creek, at the mouth of Emigration Canyon. They worked hard, borrowed all the fence poles in the neighborhood, got wet and dry, and finally finished their task, big with the importance of the undertaking—just then the scout army from the opposite side of the stream greeted the bridge builders with a cheer. They had crossed on a foot bridge lower down the stream, to the surprise and chagrin of the industrious builders, whose next business was to replace the poles.

The four-mile "hike" up the beautiful Little Emigration canyon was as delightful as the scenery. Stops were made to hear Prof. Paul on forest fires, flowers, birds, and vegetation. The march in the shade of the cottonwoods, the quaking asps, and the pines was full of interest. On the summit of Big Mountain



MARCHING UP LITTLE MOUNTAIN FROM
MOUNTAIN DELL, JULY 24, 1912

the glorious view of the valley and mountains was enhanced by a description of the scene by Orson F. Whitney, read to the resting scouts. At each camp-place on the trip, a post was set bearing the inscription, "Mormon Pioneer Trail, 1847 — M. I. A. Scouts passed here July, 1912. One was also set on this summit. The ele-

vation and temperature were taken by Junius F. Wells here and on the whole route.

Lunch was eaten in the meadows of Mountain Dell, and the evening bonfire and its accompanying exercises were enjoyed at Camp Grant, at the foot of Little Mountain. Here Stephen L. Richards visited the camp with an auto load of raspberries, and was greeted with cheers for his kindness and generosity.

The morning of the 24th was cold, and when reveille sounded a shivering company got up and prepared breakfast, then made the summit of Little Mountain, where a guide post was firmly planted by the Board members of the party. Reaching the foot of the mountain, the company took an Emigration Canyon railway car and, by courtesy of Mr. LeGrande Young and his railway company, were landed at Mt. Oliver in time to march to Liberty Park and participate in the celebration of the 24th under the direction of the Sunday Schools.

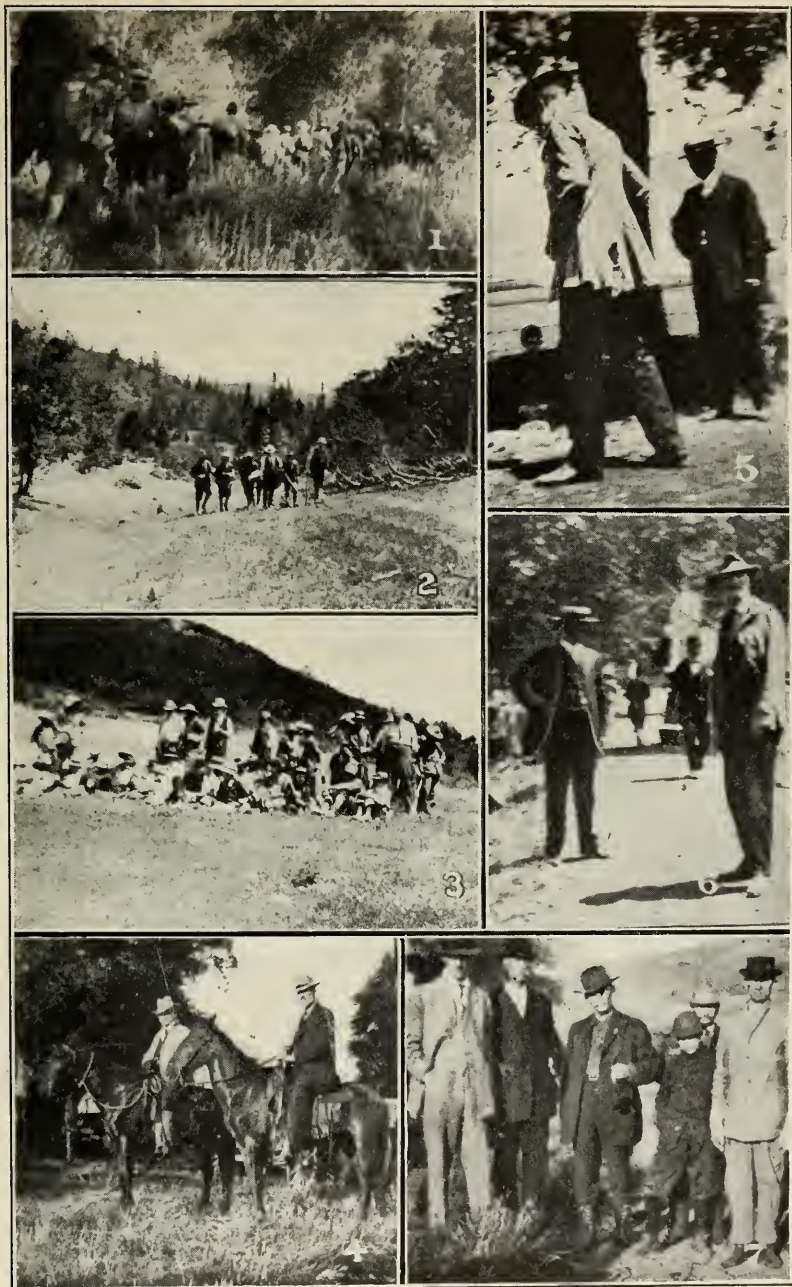


Photo No. 5 and "Singing in Echo," by Ben Wells. Other Photos by Howard B. Anderson.

1. "Hiking" up beautiful Little Emigration Canyon. 2. A company approaching the summit of Big Mountain. 3. On the summit of Big Mountain. 4. B. H. Roberts and Heber J. Grant. 5 and 6. Heber J. Grant, in Thomas Bullock's buck-skin coat. 7. Left to right: J. George Midgley, Rulon S. and Junius F. Wells, Ben Wells, and Hyrum M. Smith; Moroni Snow in the background.

Altogether the trip was a great success. Besides the pleasure and strenuous exercise, the historical information and the nature-knowledge obtained, the boys received a good training in discipline, order, and obedience, and got closer to the influence of some of the leading authorities than they could have done in any other way. Their conduct was exemplary. There was no smoking, and only little use of bad language. The latter, when attention was called to it, was punished by a rule adopted by the boys themselves. Anyone caught breaking it, was given a dose of cold water down his back!

Most of the purposes of the trip were fulfilled—to obtain inspiration for the admirable work of the pioneers, to enjoy a pleasant outing, and to get some education in nature, discipline, and history. One object remains to be accomplished—to get an appropriation from the legislature to survey the route, with a view to establishing a national auto road over the “Old ‘Mormon’ Pioneer Trail,” from Wyoming to Salt Lake City.

The Pioneer Trail Party of 1912 will always remember the “hike” with pleasure, and will join us in wishing that in every year to come, a hundred or more may have a similar experience.

Elders A. D. Livingston of Manti, Utah, and Ross T. Gillespie of Tooele, writing from Leavenworth, Kansas, May 11, state that they have worked together for the past ten weeks selling Books of Mormon and Church literature, placing it in the hands of many prominent men and women in the southeast part of Kansas. Their street meetings were a success, both in the distribution of literature and in the opportunity to explain the gospel to the public. Large crowds came out to hear them. They held fourteen hall meetings and many others. They also held meetings in Pleasant Valley schoolhouse and the Christian church at Montana, at which congregations of from 60 to 150 came out to hear them. The young people after the meetings invited them to stay and preach on Sunday, which they did. The superintendent of the Methodist Sunday School postponed school, and all came to hear them. “Yesterday morning, I asked the Methodist choir leader if we could have the Evening Star schoolhouse in which to hold meetings. He stated they were going to practice singing that night, but we were welcome to come and preach, and they would do the singing. He invited us to stop for dinner. We gave out a general ring over the ‘phone that the ‘Mormons’ would preach at the schoolhouse, and there was a large crowd.”

Bishops as Presidents of Priests' Quorums

BY CHARLES W. NIBLEY, PRESIDING BISHOP OF THE CHURCH

At the late general conference of the Church, the Priesthood Quorums Committee presented a report placing special stress upon the usefulness of the Priests' quorums to the bishoprics of the various wards, and the necessity of having a Priests' quorum in as many wards as possible. A ward of seven hundred souls should have enough young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one to form a majority of a Priests' quorum of forty-eight. The bishop of the ward must preside personally over these priests, sit in council with them, and teach them the duties of their office, because the president of the Priests' quorum, according to the word of the Lord, is the bishop, and to preside over them is a part of his duties. He should do so in person, and should never substitute anyone else to preside over this quorum. It would be as inappropriate as to call a Seventy to preside over an Elders' quorum, or an Elder or High Priest to preside over a Seventies' quorum.

The bishop, as the president of the Priests' quorum, should teach the members of that quorum how to develop faith, how to expound the principles of the gospel, including repentance, baptism, and other fundamental doctrines of the Church. They should be taught to memorize the covenant of baptism and how to baptize.

They should be taught to administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper, to memorize the prayers, and to conduct themselves properly while officiating in this sacred ordinance of the gospel. They should be trained to act as messengers of the bishopric, visiting from house to house, announcing special meetings, meetings of quorums, and local business, tithing settlement, etc.; and should be assigned their duties for the coming week and required to report at the next meeting.

The bishop has a splendid opportunity to teach the members of this quorum temperance, morality, chastity, truthfulness, observance of the Word of Wisdom, the law of tithing, honor, and general good deportment, as well as their duties as defined by revelation which, as we have it in section 20:46 of the Doctrine and Covenants, is to preach, teach, expound, exhort, baptize, and administer the sacrament, also to visit the house of each member and exhort him to pray vocally and in secret, and attend to all family duties. The Priest may also ordain other priests, teachers, and deacons, and take the lead of meetings, when no Elder is present, and assist the latter in his duties if occasion requires;

all this, of course, under the direction of the presiding authority.

If the bishop and his counselors should feel that they themselves are not qualified to teach the Priests' quorum in these matters, they may invite members of the ward who are specially qualified to teach the Priesthood on these various topics, to do so, but such subjects should always be discussed in the presence of the bishopric of the ward.

Let us ask what better persons are there in the Church to teach the Priests how, when, for what, and where, to pray than the bishopric of the ward? This same may be said in regard to teaching the Priests how to present to the Saints the principles of the gospel, the law of tithing, the Word of Wisdom, priesthood-quorum duties, the value and importance of the auxiliary organizations, etc. Properly taught these things, they could be sent out two by two to visit the delinquent members of the ward with conclusive arguments on these subjects.

There is no quorum in the Church that needs the fatherly care and constant attention and companionship of the bishopric more than the Priests' quorum. They need to have conditions explained to them which they do not understand. They need to have developed in their hearts faith in the gospel, and confidence in the presiding officers of the Church. And to the extent that the bishop teaches them these things, and gives the members of these quorums his companionship, sitting in council with them, teaching them their duties, to that extent will the labors and burdens of the bishopric be lightened. Think of having a quorum of twenty-five to forty-eight young men in a ward in close touch with the bishop, working with him, in sympathy with him, teaching the people with him, calling upon persons who have recently arrived in Zion or who have recently moved into the ward, inviting them to meetings, and notifying the various quorums and auxiliary organizations of these new arrivals in the ward! The burden to a great extent of looking after the people would be taken from the shoulders of the bishop, and a new strength heretofore unfelt would permeate the bishopric, and at the same time would build up the community, as well as the workers themselves who would be a power of strength to the ward and the Church. Besides this, the Priests might assist or direct auxiliary organizations in taking charge of the social activities of the ward, under the direction of the bishopric, and would thus prove a valuable aid in controlling the younger boys, and in some cases setting a good example to the older persons. And in as much as it is the duty of the Priest to teach, preach, expound, exhort, etc., he should be actively engaged in the Sunday school, the Mutual Improvement Association, and other organizations of the ward; and, when circumstances will permit, take charge of classes in these important organizations. He may also make special visits

under the direction of the bishopric to those who are neglectful in their attendance at sacrament meetings.

Thus taught and given work, the young men would be prepared to go into the world and preach the gospel, if necessity required, as Priests, accompanied by men holding the higher Priesthood. Here in the mission field they could develop themselves to a greater extent in the work of the Church, in preaching the gospel and teaching the people until they would be found competent and worthy of receiving the higher Priesthood and the ordinances of the House of the Lord. The present complaint which we sometimes hear that young boys are sent upon missions who are not prepared, and even, sometimes, not worthy of the authority of the higher Priesthood which is now in all cases conferred upon them before their departure for the mission field, would be silenced and avoided.

In any event, no bishop should be satisfied until every member of his ward, of the proper age, is enrolled in the Priests' quorum and becomes an active member therein. The age of the Priest, from eighteen to twenty-one years, is the critical period in the life of a young man when he needs the fatherly care and influence of God-fearing men such as comprise the bishoprics of wards; and not only the fatherly care, influence, and attention, but the training and discipline that the duties of a Priest, if properly attended to, would naturally provide him.

In the regular weekly meetings, the Priests might be materially aided in their preparation for their important work, if the bishopric would read to them extracts from the Doctrine and Covenants, the Bible, the Book of Mormon, the Pearl of Great Price, and other selections, such as would bear upon their duties, and impress upon them the important labors which devolve upon them. In view of the specific instructions to the bishop contained in Doc. & Cov. sec. 107:87, 88, to preside and sit in council with the Priests, it is hoped that every bishop in the Church will make a strong effort to form a quorum or class if only of three or four, of Priests in his ward, and preside personally over them, and teach them their specific duties, set them to work, and make them living factors in the building up of the Church in their wards, and also prepare them for missionary work at home and, it is to be hoped, abroad, if conditions are so changed that labors in foreign mission fields, under the direction of the Higher Priesthood, shall be assigned to Priests. With the present population of the Church, there should be in the neighborhood of ten thousand Priests actively engaged in the work, and one can easily comprehend what an immense impetus for good, not only for the Priests themselves, but for the wards of the Church in general, if this great body of young and vigorous men were actively engaged in the performance of their important duties.

Editor's Table

Peculiar Questions Briefly Answered

A letter has been received from Australia propounding some peculiar questions, evidently prompted by persons who desired to provoke controversy rather than to obtain information. This may not have been the motive of the writer of the letter, therefore answers have been sent, brief, but to the point and without detailed explanations. For the benefit of persons who may meet with similar queries but are not familiar with the subjects presented, the questions and replies are published in the IMPROVEMENT ERA, as follows:

Sir:—Your letter of inquiry has been received at the office of the First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and this is in reply to the questions which you propound:

Question 1: What is the "New and Everlasting Covenant?"

Answer: The "New and Everlasting Covenant," referred to in the revelation written July 12, 1843, Doctrine and Covenants, section 132, is the covenant of celestial or eternal marriage "*new*" to this dispensation, being a matrimonial union for time and all eternity, whereas marriage as previously understood and solemnized in the world was simply until the pair were parted by death.

Question 2: Do you believe that Jesus was married?

Answer: We do not know anything about Jesus Christ being married. The Church has no authoritative declaration on the subject.

Question 3: Do you believe that Adam had more wives than one, either in this world or in the spiritual world?

Answer: We do not know of any wife of Adam excepting Mother Eve.

Question 4: Is plural or celestial marriage essential to a fulness of glory in the world to come?

Answer: Celestial marriage is essential to a fulness of glory in the world to come, as explained in the revelation concerning it; but it is not stated that plural marriage is thus essential.

Question 5: Do you believe that a man who has been polygamously married or married under the law of celestial marriage in your temples, can commit any sin whatever, excepting the shedding of innocent blood, and yet have part and come forth in the first resurrection?

Answer: We believe just what is stated in that revelation concerning persons who have been sealed up unto eternal life but who commit sin that is not declared unpardonable, and in their redemption after they have paid "the uttermost farthing" of the penalty imposed by eternal justice, and have been "delivered unto the buffetings of Satan unto the day of redemption." (See par. 26, also Matt. 12:31; Mark 3:29; I Cor. 5:5.)

Question 6: Can a Latter-day Saint be a true member of the Church and in good standing, who flatly denies the divinity and authenticity of the revelation on plural marriage?

Answer: No one can be counted a true Latter-day Saint who flatly denies the divinity of a revelation accepted as divine by the Church.

Question 7: Supposing that a true Saint has been married the second time—his first wife being dead—he is sealed to both for time and eternity, does this mean that polygamy will exist in the celestial glory?

Answer: If a man has had more than one wife sealed to him for time and eternity, of course it means that if faithful they will be his in celestial glory, as in the case of Abraham and others whose wives were "given to them of the Lord."

Question 8: Will not a righteous husband and wife, who have fulfilled every other ordinance, be together throughout eternity, although they have not been sealed in a temple?

Answer: Every righteous husband and wife whom "God hath joined together" by his holy ordinance and authority will be one in eternity if they never saw "a temple." But the ceremonies of men that God has not appointed have an end when men are dead. (Sec. 132:13-18). However, there are means provided for sealing ordinances in behalf of the worthy dead so that none will lose that which they merit.

Question 9: Do you believe in "blood-atonement," or in other words, do you accept and believe in the principles taught in Brigham Young's sermon of 8th of February, 1857, Journal of Discourses, volume 4, pages 219, 220?

Answer: We believe in "blood atonement" by the sacrifice of the Savior, also that which is declared in Genesis 9:6. A capital sin committed by a man who has entered into the everlasting covenant merits capital punishment, which is the only atonement he can offer. But the penalty must be executed by an officer legally appointed under the law of the land.

Question 10: Do you believe that Jesus Christ was begotten by the Holy Ghost, as described in Matthew 1:18-20, Luke 1:35?

Answer: We believe that Jesus of Nazareth "was the only begotten of the Father." It is not stated in either text cited that he was "begotten of the Holy Ghost," and the contrary is described in Luke 1:35. It was the "power of the Highest" that overshadowed Mary, and Jesus was "the Son of the Highest." The Holy Ghost came upon her, she "conceived" under the influence of that divine Spirit, but Jesus is nowhere declared as the Son of the Holy Ghost, but as "the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." (John 1:14; Heb. 1:5.) Even the sectarian creeds do not fall into the error that beclouds the minds of some apostates, but say of Jesus that He is the Son of God, "conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," etc.

Question 11: Do you acknowledge that the other factions of the Church held or do hold the authority of the priesthood, inasmuch as they honestly fulfil the law of the Church, so far as they understand it?

Answer: There are no "factions of the Church" which was organized April 6th, 1830, and has continued as an unbroken entity and organism from that day until the present. Those persons who go out from the Church no matter how they may establish themselves or what name they may take are not and cannot be parts of the one Church which Christ set up, nor do they hold authority that he recognizes, for that would be contrary to his own repeated declarations, as well as order and common sense.

Question 12: Baptism for the dead—How do we know which of our deceased relatives are to be baptized for, and how do we know when we are to be baptized for them?

Answer: If instead of "*we*" the questioner had used the word "*you*," we would answer: Often by personal revelation, always by the law of kindred and genealogy, and the direction of those divinely appointed to administer the ordinances commanded.

It is not likely that he or those who prompted his queries would know anything about these matters.

Question 13: Should there be more than one temple in use at the same time and why? Please give Biblical evidence.

Answer: Yes. There should be as many temples as may be needed for the immense labors in behalf of the dead, for the hearts of the children who have received of the spirit of Elijah are turned to their deceased ancestors, and the hearts of the fathers are turned to their children who can act as saviors for them upon Mount Zion, without whom they cannot "be made perfect," and there are millions and millions who are awaiting their redemption. It would not matter if there was not a Biblical reference or allusion to this magnificent subject, any more than there is to the colonization of Australia, or the Constitution of the United States. Some folks ought to hunt through the Bible for their own names to be sure they are alive. But let our inquirer read Malachi 4:5, 6; Heb. 11:39, 40; I Peter 3:18-22; I Cor. 15:29; Rom. 11:26; Philip 2:10, 11; Rev. 20:14, etc.

Question 14: Do you believe that the President of the Church, when speaking to the Church in his official capacity is infallible?

Answer: We do not believe in the infallibility of man. When God reveals anything it is truth, and truth is infallible. No President of the Church has claimed infallibility.

Question 15: Do you believe that Christ will come to the temple at Salt Lake City, and is Salt Lake City Zion?

Answer: We have no revelation on that matter, nor is it preached or discussed. Any city is Zion that is under control of "the pure in heart."

Question 16: Why do the elders of your Church use Masonic signs and emblems, and has 'Mormonism' anything to do with Free Masonry?

Answer: We might answer: "Because they don't." Seriously, Elders or other ministers of the Church, as such, do not use any signs of secret orders. Some of our brethren may be or have been members of the Masonic society, but the Church has no connection with what is called "Free Masonry."

Question 17: Was Joseph Smith, Jr., a Mason?

Answer: Joseph Smith the Prophet was a Mason.

Question 18: Was Joseph Smith, Jr., a polygamist?

Answer: Joseph Smith introduced and practiced plural marriage. The proofs of this are abundant and complete.

These questions are answered, so that it may not be truthfully claimed that we avoid them. Some of them are not subjects of discussion among the Latter-day Saints, but are brought forward usually by persons who desire to cavil and contend, and rarely from a real desire for information. It is to be hoped that our correspondent is not among that number.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES W. PENROSE,

Of the First Presidency.

Articles of Determination

Elder Andrew Kimball Smith, son of President Joseph F. Smith, recently attended a conference of the Netherlands-Belgium mission with many elders and with Presidents Rudger Clawson of the European; Andreas Peterson, of the Swedish; Martin Christopherson, of the Scandinavian; R. W. Eardley, of the Netherlands-Belgium; and H. W. Valentine, of the German, mission. Elder Smith writes to his mother:

"We had twelve meetings and were kept busy digesting good advice and counsel. Each missionary was expected to take part in the discussion. I returned to Leipzig with many new ideas, and also many resolutions. I believe it was President Lund who once said, 'It is better to make resolutions and break them than not to make any at all.' I am going to tell you what a few of my resolutions are:

"1. I intend to rise at 7 o'clock in the morning, or before, regardless of the time I retire.

"2. I intend to eat regularly and moderately, and never break the Word of Wisdom.

"3. It matters not whether I distribute three or seventy-five tracts, I intend to do two hours of conscientious tracting a day, for five days in the week.

"4. I do not intend to visit my room between 9:30 a.m. and 9 at night, except upon extraordinary occasions.

"5. I intend to be punctual at every meal, invitation, and meeting.

"6. I intend to study my Bible-class lesson, Sunday school lesson, brothers'-meeting lesson, Priesthood meeting lesson, etc., as faithfully as any other missionary and Saint in the branch.

"7. I intend to obey in spirit and letter all instructions and admonitions of those placed in authority over me.

"8. I intend to season my work with determination, enthusiasm, conscientiousness, happiness, humility and prayerfulness.

"9. I intend to be prepared at all times with interesting and well prepared subjects to speak upon, but nevertheless be susceptible to the Spirit as to which I shall choose.

"10. I intend to love God, the missionaries, and the Saints, and honor my father and my mother by honoring myself in private and in public. 'To thine own self be true, and it will follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.'

"These are my ten articles of determination, and I desire the help of the Lord and my loved ones to aid me, as far as possible, in carrying them into practice.

"There are two great factors which have made my ideals in life, and have strengthened my determination to succeed. They have been my father, who has been my inspiration, and my mother, who has been my guardian angel."

Messages from the Missions

Elder James Hansen, writing from Aalborg, Denmark, April 26, gives an account of their semi-annual conference of that district of Denmark held April 6, 7, and 8. Mission President Andrew Jenson and his successor, Martin Christopherson, and President C. M. Jensen of the conference, together with fifteen elders, and other visiting brethren from different conferences, were present. All the meetings of the conference were well attended. During the exercises President Andrew Jenson delivered two interesting lectures on "The Millennium" and the "Resurrection." The elders are all well and enjoy their labors. During the past six months thirty-five people have been baptized. "We appreciate the Improvement ERA and consider it a great help to missionaries."

Elder Reuben L. Alphin of Lovell, Wyoming, and Alonzo T. Barrett of Logan, writing from Fairview, Pennsylvania, say that on April 7 the Mutual Improvement Association of that branch of the West Pennsylvania conference rendered a very appropriate Easter program. The Church was filled to its capacity with friends and Saints. The program was of a high order, and gave complete satisfaction to those who attended. The readings and musical numbers were the best they had ever witnessed in that community. "We are proud of those who took part on the program for their faithfulness in aiding the elders. Half of those who took part were not members of the Church, but all were members of the Mutual Improvement Association. To six of the young lady members the organization is especially indebted for good work in making our program a success."

Priesthood Quorums' Table

Number not enrolled in quorums.—At the regular monthly meeting of the General Priesthood Committee, held in August, a report of the weekly Priesthood meetings for the six months ending June 30, 1912, was read from each stake of Zion. The report, among other things, shows the number of people holding the Priesthood in each stake of Zion, and the number who are not enrolled in the weekly Priesthood classes of their respective wards. The object of printing the report is to encourage the classes who have a large percentage of the Priesthood unenrolled to do missionary work among these members that a much larger proportion may be enrolled in the various quorums. A special effort should be made by bishops and quorum officers to enroll all members of the Priesthood in their respective quorums, but unless they actually attend, members should not be reported as enrolled:

STAKES	Total Priesthood of Stake	Number not Enrolled	STAKES	Total Priesthood of Stake	Number not Enrolled
Alberta	833	24	North Sanpete	1960	60
Alpine	2413	388	North Weber	1651	352
Bannock	834	112	Ogden	1491	123
Bear Lake	1778	348	Oneida	2106	150
Bear River	862	24	Panguitch	833	108*
Beaver	565	241	Parowan	967	595
Benson	1723	34	Pioneer	1739	540
Big Horn	744	68	Platte	353	56
Bingham	904	194	Pocatello	1182	478
Blackfoot	1014	203	Rigby	559	21*
Box Elder	1848	298	Salt Lake	2305	578*
Cache	2439	129	St. George	1051	183*
Carbon	490	128	St. Johns	411	48*
Cassia	1130	215*	St. Joseph	1106	510*
Davis	2245	99	San Luis	277	62
Duchesne	469	106	Sevier	1923	251
Emery	1378	273	Snowflake	557	64
Ensign	1727	504	South Sanpete	1939	*
Fremont	1506	157	Star Valley	607	32
Granite	4294	520	Summit	1044	362
Hyrum	1626	58	Taylor	1140	326
Jordan	2168	286	Teton	273	42
Juab	823	145	Tooele	800	14
Juarez*	Uintah	678	226
Kanab	450	16	Union	611	111
Liberty	1994	458	Utah	2851	775
Malad	874	260	Wasatch	1093	363
Maricopa	938	15*	Wayne	397	42
Millard	1358	446	Weber	2024	74
Moapa	174	63*	Woodruff	586	119*
Morgan	466	70	Yellowstone	833	285*
Nebo	2571	628	Young	235	62

*Incomplete.

A Good Report.—From the general report of the stakes of Zion relating to the work of the acting teachers in the Church, for the three

months ending June 30, 1912, it appears that the best record made by any of the stakes in this work is that of the Ogden stake. The report of that stake shows that of the 1,292 families composing the stake, 1,231 were visited during April, 1,229 during May, and 1,254 during June. It should be remembered that the wards in that stake outside of Ogden, are agricultural communities, and are quite widely scattered:

WARDS	Number of Districts	Families Districts	Teachers	Teachers' Attendance at Report Meeting			Families Visited		
				April	May	June	April	May	June
Eden	3	70	18	16	16	12	70	70	70
Huntsville	5	117	39	13	12	21	117	117	117.
Liberty	6	50	12	3	4	2	50	40	50
Middleton	2	32	11	2	3	3	32	32	31
North Ogden	8	170	32	8	14	7	165	165	165
Ogden Fourth ...	15	272	48	21	20	16	272	272	265
“ Sixth	14	239	24	24	22	18	215	220	232
“ Seventh ..	6	151	26	9	9	8	136	122	133
“ Eighth ...	6	123	26	8	7	7	106	126	126
Pleasant View ...	3	68	36	14	15	13	68	65	65

In a Spirit of Fraternity.—As one little action in the fraternity of priesthood quorums, we may name the recent sending of a letter by a number of high priests to a fellow member who had removed from their ward to a distant settlement, where he had taken ill. The class members heard of his sickness, and unitedly sent the following message to him over their signatures. One can easily imagine that the feelings of the recipient were warmed, and that brotherly love was awakened in his heart, by the kindly remembrance of his quorum classmates. This is only one of the many little things that may be done by members of quorums to cheer their brethren:

Dear Brother:—We have heard that your health for the past few weeks has not been quite so good as usual. We regret that this should be the case, and trust that your cheerful countenance and generally hopeful attitude towards life may not be changed on account of it. We send you these few words intending them to act as an inspiration to cheerfulness. We remember you frequently in our meetings together, and we do so miss your genial smile and clear explanations of the principles of the gospel which we were so accustomed to, during the times that you acted as our leader in the study of our gospel lessons. We trust that it may be of some comfort to you to know that you are thus remembered by us, and we never meet in our accustomed little classroom around our table of study, but we miss your presence, and wish for your welfare.

We ask that the blessings of the Lord may rest upon you so that you may be healed, and made perfectly well in body, and that your mind may continue to be bright and cheerful in the contemplation of the gospel and the mercy and goodness of God.

With hearty good wishes for your success, health, happiness and welfare, and our blessings upon you and yours, we remain, etc.

Passing Events

A government land sale will be held on October 8, at Provo, as per orders signed August 12, by President Taft, at which 100,000 acres of land in the Uintah Indian reservation will be placed on sale at public auction. The minimum price reaches from fifty cents to one dollar and fifty cents per acre.

The third party convention was called to order in the Coliseum, Chicago, August 5, more than a thousand delegates being present. Ex-president Theodore Roosevelt was nominated later for President with Hiram W. Johnson, of California, for Vice-president. Mr. Albert J. Beveridge, who was temporary chairman, declared: "We stand for a nobler America; we battle for the actual rights of men. Constructive reform is to be the slogan of the new party."

The "Titanic" disaster was reported upon, on July 30, by the British Board of Trade's Court of Inquiry, with Lord Mersey the presiding judge. The court holds that the collision with the iceberg was due to excessive speed; a proper watch was not kept, and the arrangements for managing the life boats after being launched were inadequate. The master of the *California* is condemned because he did not try to reach the *Titanic*. Captain Smith of the *Titanic* is not blamed, and J. Bruce Ismay is exonerated from the charge of improper conduct. Recommendations for water-tight compartments in sea-going ships are made, also provisions for life boats enough to carry all on board, and a better look-out, continuous wireless service, and more efficient drills.

Mutsuhito, the 121st emperor of Japan, died July 30, 1912. He was born in Kyoto, November 3, 1852, and ruled Japan for over forty years, having succeeded his father in 1867. He was a remarkable ruler, and his life assured the growth and expansion of the Japanese empire. He granted a constitution to the country in 1889. His third son, Yoshihito, has been declared Mikado. He was nominated heir apparent, in 1887, and proclaimed crown prince, in 1888. He was born August 31, 1879, and is well educated in his own language and in Japanese traditional studies, as well as English, French and German, which languages he speaks fluently. He will formally mount the throne in about one year. A few days after his accession, he chose the name Meiji, meaning "enlightened peace" and "intelligent administration." The era of Taisei—"great righteousness"—has now dawned. He married Princess Sabako, in 1900, and has three sons.

The Mexican situation, according to an article in a recent number of the New York *Independent*, by President Madero, is under control, and the revolution virtually swept out. This statement, however, should be taken for what it is worth. General Salazar, commanding a part of Orozco's defeated army, in the latter part of July compelled the Latter-

day Saint colonists in and about Casas Grandes to give up their arms and ammunition. The bándits and soldiers then looted their houses and stores. Salazar told them, they being American citizens, that he would kill all of them and compel intervention, if the United States did not soon intervene, as he hated our government. This was followed by all the colonists, numbering some seven or eight hundred families, in the several settlements, fleeing to El Paso, Texas, and Hachita, New Mexico, about one hundred and fifty miles across the border. The women and children and elder men were sent ahead over the Northwestern Railroad to El Paso, the men of Dublan and Colonia Juarez remaining to look after their property. The Mexican rebels, now practically a band of robbers, outlaws, guerrillas and cut-throats, made things so intolerable for them that later they, too, fled, leaving all their property valued at many million dollars. There were some twenty-six hundred refugees in El Paso who were furnished tents and rations by our government, and Congress appropriated, on the 2nd of August, \$100,000 to be used to carry refugees to friends in Arizona and Utah.

The colonists were looked after by Elder A. W. Ivins, assisted by President Joseph L. Robinson, of the California mission, and Bishop O. P. Miller, of the Presiding Bishopric. Everything was done, as far as possible, to make the colonists comfortable. The Saints met the conditions with that cheerful philosophy so characteristic of them. In the company were old men who had crossed the plains in early days and were now again driven from comfortable homes. The first special train carrying colonists to El Paso arrived July 31, followed by other trains, until all the women, children and older men were gathered. Some 264 men of Dublan and Juarez who remained behind, together with others from the mountain colonies, arrived at Hachita, New Mexico, on the 13th of August, with many head of horses which they had succeeded in saving. They had a fight near Dublan with rebels when they first started, one of their company, Will Smith, of Dublan, being slightly wounded, and on the way they captured eleven rebels which they turned loose on arrival in the United States. The people in El Paso treated the colonists with the greatest respect, and provided for them as far as possible. Rations were issued also by the government for those in immediate need.

On the 13th the authorities and the Mexican colonists of the Latter-day Saints met to decide whether the men will return to Mexico, or whether they and their families will go to other points in the United States until peace is finally restored, it having been decided by the Church authorities that the refugees themselves must decide whether they shall remain at the refugee camps, return to their homes and ranches, or come to settlements in Utah and neighboring states. The outcome of the conference was a decision to the effect that the colonists will not desert their homes in northern Mexico, but will remain in the United States until they may safely return, when they will begin all over again with what the rebels and the looters have left for them

to begin with. A resolution was passed that they would return to their various colonies in Mexico as soon as conditions were safe. A number, however, have declared that they would rather abandon their possessions and build new homes in the United States.

President Robinson, writing to President Joseph F. Smith, and speaking of his arrival at the refugee camp in El Paso, says:

"I went at once with President Ivins, who has been very ill, but is now better, to the main camp, and found the Saints meeting the conditions with that cheerful philosophy which characterizes them above all people in the world. The first request made of me was, 'Brother Robinson, sing, 'We will go where you want us to go, dear Lord.' It is needless to say I could not sing for tears; but they did, and bore out the reputation that one philosopher gave them long ago: 'they thank the Lord for everything that comes to them, good or bad.'

"We met the special train of 450 that came in on the evening of July 31; and after Brother Ivins retired for the night I visited different camps, and with many of the Saints, and Brothers Brown and Bowman met the last consignment of 206 women and children at 2 p. m. today (August 1st). The strained, frightened look in the eyes of the children, the haggard faces of the women, and the gaunt, silent men, all called up with vivid memories the aftermath of the quake and fire at San Francisco. In the company last night I saw several old women, and old Father William E. McClellan, who were driven out of Illinois, Seldom, if ever before, has such an exodus been participated in twice by the same set of men and women, and yet their faith in God and their courage are undaunted. The rebels made Brother McClellan get out of his wagon, and threatened to shoot him if he would not give up his money. One of the brethren sought to protect him, but was ordered back to his wagon. Brother McClellan said: 'You can shoot, but I won't give up my money,' and, overawed at the perverseness of a man over eighty years of age who would give up life rather than be bullied, the rebel desisted, and put up his gun. Father Black and Patriarch Skousen, and others over eighty years, are in the band. It wrings my heart to see them in such a hapless condition, yet it thrills me with pride to note their devotion to God, their unbounded faith and good cheer. We got up early this morning, secured two good office rooms, free, in the centre of town, organized a General Committee, with Brothers Bowman, chairman; Brothers Ivins, Wilson, Brown and myself members. We then organized sub-committees to look after the various camps, rations, transportation, information, employment, etc. I am trying to look after the transportation. * * * Col. Steever, U. S. A., and part of his staff called on us today and issued rations for 500, which will be continued for some time to come—consisting largely of milk, rice, and sugar for the children. * * * The city is practically caring for our big camp. Others scattered about the town are dependent upon Brother Ivins or themselves. The people here in the main are anxious to serve us. Sentiment is largely in favor of intervention, but we feel it should not arise over the 'Mormon' exodus, and are counseling moderation of our people in speech and story."

So far as is known all the Americans are out of the mountain colonies except the Stephens family, who refused to leave, and the Morelos colonists. At Hachita, on the 15th, forty-six Chiuchupa men arrived. On the same day a large body of women left El Paso for Utah points, tickets being provided either by the Church or the Government. Reports of atrocities in the south of Mexico have been made public. In the north, additional U. S. troops have been ordered out.

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